

Star Trek Vs Star Wars: Project Chimaera

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24545992) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24545992>.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Gen |
| Fandoms: | Star Trek: The Next Generation , Star Wars Original Trilogy , Doctor Who (2005) |
| Characters: | Conan Antonio Motti , Darius Trent , Jean-Luc Picard , Q (Star Trek) |
| Additional Tags: | Cross-Posted on FanFiction.Net |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 4 of Star Trek Vs Star Wars |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-06-04 Completed: 2020-06-05 Words: 30,932 Chapters: 11/11 |

Star Trek Vs Star Wars: Project Chimaera

by [Darius_Trent](#)

Summary

6 months after the decisive Battle of Tatooine, the Federation is now losing the war. And with Captain Trent in captivity by the Empire, Commander Aldrin stuck on Deep Space 9 and the USS Enterprise off to the Gamma Quadrant, times are getting desperate. Will the Federation prevail in it's darkest hour? Comments and opinions are welcome.

Lost Hope

Star Trek Vs Star Wars:

Project Chimaera

The tables have turned! Following the defeat of the Federation invasion force at Tatooine, the war has now favoured the Galactic Empire. With new ships, equipment and a thirst for vengeance, they have re-invaded Federation, Romulan and Klingon space, establishing spheres of control and occupancy across known space as they further expand their territory across the Galaxy.

Meanwhile, the Federation and it's allies have been struggling to counter these attacks. Without the advantage of confusion they had before, the Federation now has very few ships that can defend it from the Empire's new tactics. Furthermore, with the Klingons and Romulans too occupied with their own problems to help the Federation, they are once again alone in defending themselves from the Imperial invasion.

With morale at an all time low and battles happening all over Federation space, the Federation has resorted to more desperate measures. The USS Enterprise has been dispatched to Deep Space Nine to receive new orders which could turn the outcome of the war. If their mission fails, the fate of the entire quadrant could shift irreversibly...

Chapter 1: Lost Hope

In the depths of the Denorios Belt, asteroids tumbled and flew undisturbed. The belt had been where these relatively small lumps of rock, ice and minerals had lived for millions of years prior, ever since the Bajoran system had been formed inside the forge of a now forgotten Nebula. These leftovers from the creation we're now destined to aimlessly orbit their home star from billions of kilometres away, unless they were knocked out of place by an unseen force and either ejected out into deep space or pushed deeper into the system, where it would then orbit the Bajoran Star from a much closer perspective.

The asteroids were not alone, however, as an old Cardassian ore-processing station came into view. The station, now called Deep Space Nine, stood guard outside one of the most important Federation discoveries of the century, the first stable wormhole in existence. Over the years, it had survived attacks from multiple enemies, including the Klingons and Dominion, and was considered one of the most important outposts in existence.

A Sovereign Class ship approached Deep Space Nine, flying into the clearing where the station sat. The ship, identified as the USS Enterprise, glided up to one of the station's protruding arms, before precisely aligning itself with the airlock doors. As the station extended its docking clamps to attach to the Enterprise, a welcoming party got ready in the docking area.

Outside the airlock, Colonel Kira Nerys stood in front of the doors as her senior staff got into position behind her. She was about to welcome the commanding officer of the Flagship of Starfleet, and while a welcoming party seemed unnecessary, especially in the current dire situation, but the pleasantries were still welcome for morale.

"Why are we doing this?" Impatiently asked Lieutenant Junior Grade Nog, the station's Chief Engineer. "Some of us have more important things to do."

"I told you this before Lieutenant," answered Kira, "we still hold to principle during wartime. Now you may not want this sort of thing, but Admiral Picard's the sort of person who likes this sort of thing."

"And how do you know that?"

"Because he's a very old human, and from what I can tell, old humans tend to cling to tradition like a blanket."

"...fine."

The doors suddenly began to hiss open, snapping everyone back to attention as they began to roll away. Within moments, the gear shaped doors had rolled away to reveal their temporary visitor; Admiral Jean-Luc Picard, followed by his first officer, Commander Worf, and his aide, Ensign Organa, who was accompanied by a small astromech. Kira has studied the Ensign's origins thoroughly beforehand, and was ready to expect anything different from this human from another universe.

“On behalf of the people of this station, we welcome you to Deep Space Nine, Admiral Picard.” Welcomed Kira.

“On behalf of the crew of the Enterprise, I thank you for welcoming us in this way in such short notice.” Replied Picard.

“I assume you’ll want to review Fleet Admiral Ross’ orders to you.”

“Yes, if you don’t mind, I’d like to use your office in private for this matter.” Requested Picard. “I believe it was in my orders that I get my orders in private here.”

“Of course, Admiral.” Answered Kira. “You have the entire station at your disposal.”

“Understood Colonel.” Stated Picard as he began to walk past the welcoming party. Before he left the room though, he whispered into Kira’s ear.

“Oh, and next time, you can forget the ceremony. I may be old but I don’t like to follow standard Admiralty traditions.”

“...of course Admiral.” Replied Kira, slightly confused as to what he had just told her. The rest of the Enterprise crew proceeded to walk out the door towards the rest of the station.

“Damn lady you just wrecked by Picard!” Blurted out the Astromech droid. “Ahh, I’m not that funny am I?”

“R2, you’re being rude.” Scolded Ensign as she stepped out the door, giving R2 a scornful look as he used his front stabilising leg to pull him over the airlock bump on the bottom.

“But Ma’am, I thought I was funny.” Complained R2 as he turned around the corner with the others and vanished.

“She’s not like any human I’ve ever seen before.” Commented Nog.

“Kill the comments Lieutenant.” Ordered Kira. “Every to their stations.”

“Yes sir.” Came from everyone in the room as Kira ran to catch up with Picard.

Later, she and Picard were in her office on the ops deck as she helped him with how to use the office computer.

“With that be all Colonel?” Asked Picard.

“Yes sir. You should be able to set up the station’s new holographic comm system to your preferences.”

“Very well then. Thank you.”

“The pleasure was mine Admiral.” Kira walked out of the room and the door sealed shut behind her. Picard types in the comm codes for the meeting, and very quickly, the forms of Admirals Ross, McArthur and Shimizu materialised in front of him. The glass on the office doors crystallised to hide their conversation.

“Admiral Picard.” Greeted Ross. Picard was surprised at the quality of the image, and how they were having this holographic conversation despite being thousands of light years apart. *“My apologies for summoning you to Deep Space Nine for this matter, but not even the Enterprise’s comms are secure enough for the conversation we’re about to have.”*

“Oh, you don’t have to apologise Admiral.” Replied Picard. “Just tell me what I need to do.”

“As you are well aware, the past 6 months have been somewhat... difficult for the Federation alliance.” Began Ross. *“Admiral Halsey took a lot of ships out of the fight when he tried to attack the Eclipse. Without those ships to help defend the anomaly, we quickly lost it to imperial strike forces.”*

“Some of us still think that if Halsey had been left to carry out his plan without impediment, we would have succeeded.” Interrupted Shimizu. Everyone knew that she had been in league with Halsey throughout the Dominion War, helping him carry out his plans of mass-murder and war crimes. It was only because of the current situation that she was still even in Starfleet.

“But even if we let him carry it out without resistance, it still wouldn’t matter.” Argued McArthur. *“The Empire would still ambush the fleet while they weren’t ready, and instead of just barely surviving we would have been wiped out!”*

“Fellow Admirals, I understand your reasons for your conflicted opinions in this matter.” Silenced Picard. “However, as I recall, that is not what we were discussing.”

“As I was saying,” continued Ross with a look of distaste on his face, *“the Federation Alliance is now on the back foot. The Klingons and Romulans are too busy fending off their own invasions to help us, and the attacks are only increasing in strength and regularity. At the rate at which they are occurring now, analysts at Starfleet Command have predicted the complete annihilation of the Alpha and Beta quadrant powers in at least 4 months. There’s no telling how far they’ve expanded into the Gamma and Delta quadrants.”*

“Which is why your mission is of utmost importance Picard.” Added McArthur. *“You are to take the Enterprise to the Founder’s Homeworld in the Gamma Quadrant and try to get them on our side. With a fleet of their size, they should have had no difficulty dispatching the Imperials from their space.”*

“Understood Admirals.” Replied Picard. “What do I do if we come under attack?”

“We won’t be able to send you back up, as the fleet’s too busy defending territories across the Federation.” Answered Shimizu. *“If a fight breaks out, you’ll be all alone.”*

“However, if Bajor comes under attack, you will have to withdraw to assist Deep Space Nine in defending the sector.” Included Ross. *“We can’t afford to lose this sector to the Empire.”*

They've already taken too much."

"Ivor, Betazed, Axanar, nearly a third of our space is under their control." Listed McArthur. "If your mission fails, the war is lost."

"I'll do my best." Finished Picard. "Picard out."

Picard presses the end comm button on the computer, and the projections of Ross, McArthur and Shimizu faded away into nothing. He turned to the office's window out into space, and watched as the Bajoran Wormhole brilliantly flared open to reveal a small asteroid which had drifted into it's maw on the other side. Looking around, he was entranced in his own thoughts; was he ever supposed to be going on this mission? Could the Federation ever prevail against the Empire, an enemy so alike, yet so very different? Would the Enterprise prevail against the Dominion, one of the Federation's greatest enemies? Whatever the answers to his questions, he knew he would find out, sooner or later.

In another section of Deep Space Nine, Commander Miral Aldrin gazed out into the depths of space. It had been 6 months since she and the surviving crew of the Arizona had been cast aside here on Deep Space Nine, while Starfleet was preoccupied attempting to fight the Galactic Empire within it's own territories. Simply put, she had been effectively forgotten as the Federation fought on without her. Numerous times she had assisted Deep Space Nine in defending the sector, maybe through piloting one of the station's Danube Class runabouts, or assisting a technical officer with repairs, but otherwise, no-one had noticed her.

Commander Aldrin's personal log, Stardate 58213.33. It feels like forever since the Battle of Tatooine, ever since we lost the Arizona. The more I stay here, the more I seem to get restless. Sure, every now and then they give me something to do, but other than that, I feel left out. Surely someone at command's noticed me and even considered transferring me. Nevertheless, I must remain here, waiting for my turn on the cosmic chess board.

"Commander Aldrin!" Called a voice, startling her as she turned to see who was calling her. It was Lieutenant Hawk, who, like herself, was effectively trapped aboard Deep Space Nine. "I was just checking if you wanted to have a drink."

"Sure, Lieutenant." Answered Aldrin. "Who else is coming?"

"Well, I've already got Jason and Th'etonnor, and Dolovain's reserving the seats down at the bar here."

"Ok then. I'll see you down there."

A few minutes later, Aldrin was just sitting down at Quarks at a round table with the others in the group, as a ferengi with a purple suit came right up to them.

"Welcome to Quark's ladies and gentlemen, now what can I get for you today?" He asked with a look of eagerness on his face.

"I'll get a Synthetic Vodka, Andorian Ale, Root Beer and water." Answered Hawk.

“Yes...yes...mmhmm.” He muttered as he wrote their orders on his PADD. “Wait a minute. There’s four drinks and there’s five of you.”

“Oh, I’ll just get whatever’s really popular around here.” Piped up Aldrin.

“Ok.” The Ferengi whittled down the last order before hurrying off to the counter to make it.

“Was that Quark himself?” Asked Horan.

“I guess so.” Responded Dolovain. “His face is on the logo at the front.”

“But why’s he taking orders? Wouldn’t he be behind the counter?”

“I heard there was a bit of an altercation between him and his staff a while ago.” Answered Th’etonnor. “Not that he would care anyway. The less people he employs, the more money he can keep to himself.”

“I’m not sure that’s what’s in the Rules of Acquisition but I can go with that.” Commented Aldrin.

“Anyway,” began Hawk, “how’s everyone been keeping?”

“I contacted my family yesterday.” Notes Th’etonnor. “My wives and husband are still worried, but understand my extended presence here.”

“Well I can now say that this is the third time my Mum has contacted Starfleet asking if I was dead because I didn’t answer her calls.” Announced Horan.

“Awww, what was it this time?” Asked Hawk. “Did you have another one of your ‘incidents’ with a girl here?”

“No actually, I had to help Commander T’pon upgrade the station’s sensor net across the sector to scan Hyperspace.” Answered Horan.

“Your mother frets too much about you.” Commented Dolovain. “When I was your age, my mother had 7 other children to worry about.”

“Well just be glad your mothers have some presence in your lives.” Stated Aldrin. “Neither of my parents cared for me at all. I was living alone most of the time on Luna.”

“Here’s your order.” Announced Quark in front of them. He listed them out as he put them on the table. “A synthetic Vodka, an Andorian Ale, a Root Beer, a glass of water... and a Romulan Ale.”

“I’m sorry, is that what’s popular currently?” Asked Aldrin.

“Why of course it is!” Answered Quark in an annoyed tone. “I can only get this whenever the Romulans side with the Federation in a war! It’s on special tonight.”

“I see.” Commented Aldrin. She picked up the glass of Romulan Ale and studied it for a moment. Then, without hesitation, she down the whole glass in one go, everyone present stunned as she consumed the blue liquid without stopping. She slammed the glass back on the table as she threw her head forwards, swallowing what remained of the drink with a gulp.

“Mmm, that stuff’s good.” She commented as everyone recovered from the shock. “Could you bring me the bottle?”

“W-w-w-why yes of course.” Stuttered Quark, hurrying away back to the counter.

“Are you sure you want an entire bottle of that stuff?” Asked Hawk. “I’ve heard it’s pretty strong.”

“Lieutenant, what you’ve heard is bull crap.” Replied Aldrin as the others began tentatively sipping their drinks. “I can go all night.”

Six bottles of Romulan Ale and three Kanar glasses later, a drunken Commander Aldrin was being helped home by Hawk and Horan.

“Wait, howz it that youze two aren’t wasted like me?” Asked Aldrin as she stumbled on her own feet.

“Well I think it’s safe to say that six bottles of Romulan Ale is too much for you.” Replied Hawk.

“And it is in fact too much for anyone.” Added Horan. “Based on the alcohol level of Romulan ale, I’ve calculated that the safest amount of that stuff anyone can have is 2 bottles, and that’s not considering the three glasses of Kanar you also had.”

“B-b-but I finished off hiz stock, didn’t I?” Moaned Aldrin as she drove the group into the wall after mistakenly thinking it was the door to her quarters.

“I think what you need is a good night’s sleep Commander.” Stated Horan. “Let the alcoholic effects wear off overnight and then you’ll be reasonably fresh in the morning.”

“Shut up, you know thatz what everyone says, at least I think thatz what everyone says, yeah it iz what everyone says.” Snapped Aldrin.

“With all due respect ma’a-” was all Horan could get out before she put her right index finger up to his mouth.

“Shhhhhhhh.” She spurted out as they fineally reached Aldrin’s quarters.

“Well, we’re here.” Announced Hawk. She started imputing the key code to get in the door as Aldrin began to pour out a river of words.

“You know, I feel sorry that...um...Captain Trent sacrificized himzelf to, um...you know, save uz from the *hic* Empire. It waz a bit of a, what’s that word again...oh yez, it waz a bit of a

waste though. The Empire's still smashing us to pieces with their...umm...fleet that's the word. Oh how I *hic* wish he was still with us now, he'd have some sort of speech thingy or some sort of battle plan."

"Yeah, he would." Uninterestedly, Hawk commented as she finished the code. The doors hissed open to reveal Aldrin's quarters, still just as pristine as they usually were. "Well, this is your stop."

Hawk and Horan hoisted Aldrin off their shoulders, as she stumbled into her quarters. She fumbled around for a moment, taking in the view like it was her first time ever seeing it.

"Good night Commander." Ended Hawk. The doors hissed shut as Aldrin stared at the two of them.

"I knew it!" Proclaimed Horan. "She's obsessed with Captain Trent."

"Well what do you want me to do about it?" Complained Hawk. "It's not like I can tell her 'oh hey there, you know that guy you like that's dead now? Yeah, we're going to have to tell you to stop being so into him right now.' We don't have any solid evidence aside from some random thing she said while she was drunk! Besides, she's a Commander, and we're a pair of Lieutenants, so neither of us have the authority to tell her to stop."

"Well then, what do we do?" Asked Horan. "She can't go on like this. Her obsession with the Captain is preventing her and all of us from moving on."

"Well, I guess we'll just have to wait and see." Answered Hawk. The pair turned away from the door as they both walked away together, leaving Aldrin to sober up inside her cabin.

Still Standing

Chapter 2: Still Standing

On a large research station orbiting a gas giant deep in Imperial space, Admiral Kritus was walking towards the door towards the lone prisoner in the building. She knew the dangers of dealing with this man; not only had he attempted to break out twice, but had also made a habit of constantly insulting anyone and anything who was related to the Empire. Nevertheless, she was confident that he was well secured now, and there was no possibility that she would be affected by whatever he threw at her.

She approached the control panel, studying the controls for a second before keying in her authorisation codes. Without hesitation, the blast doors slid away to reveal the prisoner; the one survivor they had captured on the Arizona.

“F#### off.” He weakly mumbled as he lay on the wall, his Imperial Prison Service uniform crumpled after days of use.

“Rise and shine you pathetic excuse for a human.” Came back Kritus. “Your services are required.”

“So this is my life now.” Remarked the man as he got up. “I live, eat, sleep and do whatever and go wherever you say now?”

“You are a prisoner of war. You have no say in what you can or can’t do.”

“You know, in the Federation, we don’t give our prisoners of war this sort of treatment. We treat them fairly and respectfully, and don’t force them to do our s#### for us.”

She waited for him to make his way out of the room, before telling him, “Once you finish cleaning yourself up, haul your pathetic ass down to R&D. Captain Beratas will direct you from there.”

“Why don’t you call me by my name?”

“Calling you by your name will only lead to me becoming attached to you in some form. Now get out of my sight.”

A pair of stormtroopers moved to escort the prisoner out of the room. The prisoner moved to go with them, as one of them bumped him forwards with his blaster. He gave Kritus a distasteful glare as the stormtroopers pushed him out of the room.

After being pushed out of the room and forced into a sterilisation procedure, the stormtroopers hauled him to a nearby airlock. Captain Shivus Beratas walked up to him, his hands held behind his back as a show of strength.

“Ahh, Captain Darius Trent.” Began Beratas. “Long time no see.”

“The nicety fails to make an impression anymore Captain Beratas.” Remarked Trent. “I’ve had 7 different ‘new’ labs in the space of god knows how long I’ve been here.”

“Oh trust me, your research has been nothing short of helpful for my superiors.” Assured Beratas. “As a matter of fact, this will be the last transfer you’ll have.”

“Before you execute me using means we consider evil?”

“Nonsense, Trent. After this, we’re going to let you go.”

“That’s the same thing you said to the thousands of Federation civilians you dissected to prove we were the same species. We’re not just animals for you to experiment with because your Emperor is too greedy for his own good.”

“Exactly. You’re not a bunch of animals. Because you’re smart enough to help us with this project of ours that even our best couldn’t figure out.”

“Maybe if you let alien races in your ranks you’d have figured it out already.”

“Regardless of which let’s get back to business now shall we?” Redirected Beratas as he steered the conversation away from a civil rights war. “The electronic pattern fragment you decoded last time was a perfect match to the original. Not only did you manage to reconstruct his brain, but you also managed to maintain his personality and memories, all up to the moment he was killed.”

“So what do you want me to do?”

“Your objective is now to put together all the fragments you’ve decoded together and reconstruct the body.”

“But that would take one of the computers where I’m from to do that.” Argues Trent. “And even then, it could take days in the states that the fragments are in.”

“Which is why we have provided you with the means to do so.” Beratas pressed a button on a nearby panel, and several shutters around the airlock unfurled to reveal a sight Trent was taken aback by.

“The Arizona?” He exclaimed as he couldn’t believe his eyes. The wrecked saucer section of the USS Arizona now floated next to the space station he was on, connected by several power cords and airlock corridors. Areas of the ship once exposed from battle damage now were perfectly sealed using force fields. From behind, Trent could see that the saucer’s impulse engines had been rigged to go at the same speed the station rotated at, so as to ensure the wreck didn’t get torn off the station and flung out into space. Trent stared at the saucer for a while before turning to face Beratas.

“I thought I self-destructed the saucer back on Tatooine before you captured me?”

“The self-destruct, as it turned out, failed to activate due to damage sustained in the battle.” Explained Beratas. “We tractor beamed the wreckage from the surface and rigged it so that it was airtight. While the weapons, shields and data cores were beyond recoverable, the actual

computer itself was reasonably intact. From our measurements and calculations, it should still be powerful enough for you to reconstruct the body. Now, shall we board the infamous ‘Destroyer of Vader’?”

Trent was speechless as he nodded in reply. Beratas gestured for the stormtroopers to remove the cuffs they had placed on Trent. They typed a security code into the cuffs themselves, releasing their once right grip on Trent’s hands. The airlock doors opened to a corridor leading to one of the Arizona’s own airlocks as Captain Beratas gestured again for Trent to walk in front of him. Trent was silent as he entered the corridor towards his old ship, with Beratas following behind with a mischievous grin on his face.

In orbit of the planet Aurelia II, in what was formerly deep in secure Federation territory, the SSD Arbitrator floated silently through the wreckage of the Federation attack group it had just destroyed. Surrounding it was a small escort of 10 Imperial 2 Star Destroyers, all in tight formation around their command ship as the Arbitrator began to convince the population of the planet below to surrender. The Federation attack group, consisting of 2 Excelsior Classes, one Akira Class, one Galaxy Class and a Steamrunner Class, stood no chance, as their attackers dropped out of hyperspace next to them at close to point blank range, eliminating the planet’s only defenses within mere minutes.

Aboard the Arbitrator, Fleet Admiral Motti was in the midst of attempting to convince the leader of Aurelia II to surrender to the Empire.

“Aurelia refuses to surrender to the Galactic Empire.” Defiantly Stated the Governor.
“Whether it be in this life or the next, we refuse to allow ourselves to fall into a tyrannical government without fighting.”

“And yet the fighting is already over.” argued Motti. “We destroyed the ships protecting your planet. Your weapons platforms have been neutralized. And any ship that makes it off the planet will be destroyed upon exiting the atmosphere! You have no logical course of action but to surrender.”

“We will never surrender.” proclaimed the Governor. *“We would rather die than lose our lives to you.”*

“Then die you shall.” Motti gestured for the channel to be closed, before ordering. “Target their capital city, Base Delta Zero blasts. I want them to know the price they’ll pay if they refuse again.”

The Arbitrator and it’s escorts rotated themselves so their turbolasers could take aim at the planet below. Every single gun on every single ship pointed themselves at one point on the planet where the capital was. Then, without further adieu, they opened fire.

The green bolts hurtled from their turrets, traveling through the atmosphere faster than the people on the planet could see, before slamming into the ground below. The turbolasers had been set to Base Delta Zero, meaning the complete annihilation of everything in the surrounding area. The people of Aurelia II’s capital city looked up in horror as the bolts streaked through the sky, before they wiped out everything, civilians and government

officials alike burning in the aftermath. Within seconds, what was once Aurelia II's capital city was now nothing but a smouldering hot lava lake.

"Standard Base Delta Zero barrage complete." announced an officer as he listed the results. "Capital city of Aurelia II has been destroyed. Complete annihilation of everything within 100 Kilometers. Estimated government and military casualties at 20,000 personnel. Estimated civilian casualties at 23 million."

"Hail them again." Motti ordered, his mind putting aside the millions of civilians he had just wiped out. "This is Fleet Admiral Motti once again, to any surviving members of the Aurelia II government. We have destroyed your capital city, as well as all the people who were living there. Over 20 million people are now dead because of your inaction. We will destroy your second largest city in 2 minutes if you fail to surrender in that time period. I will tolerate no further inaction."

"Admiral, they are hailing us now." Announced the ship's comm officer.

"Put them through." A crackly, staticky voice broke through the speakers, the interference likely from a misplaced shot hitting Aurelia's global comms network.

"This is the acting governor of Aurelia II, to the Imperial forces in orbit. Our previous governor was a stubborn fool who could not see your tactical advantage over us. In his stead, we surrender ourselves to the Galactic Empire. Please, you can do whatever you want to our military and government population, but leave our civilians alone."

"Your conditions are acceptable governor. Please stand by for immediate arrest upon our arrival."

The channel closed as Motti's first officer turned to face him.

"Why are we doing this sir?" He asked Motti. "Surely we would capture their civilians as well as their military and government."

"Can I speak to you in private Commander?" Requested Motti in reply. His first officer nodded in agreement, and they both walked to the corner of the room to discuss more private matters.

"The reason why I accepted to leave the Aurelian civilians alone is because that would paint us as the evil ones in this war." Answered Motti. "Were you at the battle of Tatooine?"

"Yes I was." Replied his first officer. "The ISD Renouncer. Second officer."

"And do you remember how the Starfleet vessel leading the attack, the USS Tanaka, killed the entire population of Tatooine with an unknown radiation weapon?"

"Yes I do sir. It was all over the comm feeds. More than 60,000 civilians were killed."

"The fact that it was on the comm feeds should show you why. If we capture and torture the Federation's civilians, we'll only be proving to them and us that we are the aggressors, the

monsters in this war. We have to be better than them, in order that we can subsume their population without any resistance. Is that understood?”

“Understood Admiral.” Answered his first officer as he straightened himself out. “Shall I prepare a standard invasion force?”

“Do it.” Ordered Motti. “Ensure their citizens are treated with a decent amount of respect. If I hear any word that you or the men are mistreating them, things will not end well for you. Is that understood?”

“Yes sir.”

“Sir, we’re receiving a fleet-wide transmission.” Announced the ship’s comm officer. “It is from Lord Vader himself.”

“What does he have to say?” Asked Motti as he walked up to the officer’s control panel.

“He is requesting a meeting of all leading Admirals in the Nimbus system. He says this system is between Federation, Klingon and Romulan space, so it will be easier for everyone to get there.”

“Set course for the Nimbus system then.” Ordered Motti. “Have 5 of our escorts stay back here to defend this planet until we have secured it.”

“Yes Admiral.” Replied the bridge crew. Motti walked off the bridge, his first officer peering down the corridor to spy where he was going. As usual, he was heading to his quarters, but for what purpose? He had done nothing but stay in his quarters in his spare time, only coming out to eat with the crew during official events and whenever he had no spare time. His first officer had had suspicions of Motti for a fair while now, and he knew that whatever he was doing in his quarters, it couldn’t be good.

Wake Up Call

Chapter 3: Wake Up Call

Commander Aldrin woke up to the sound of the station's comm network beeping to indicate the arrival of an audio message. Warily and somewhat painfully, she got up from her splayed position on the bed, holding her head as she felt a sharp pain.

It's probably because of last night's Romulan Ale she told herself as she played the message. The standard female monotone began reading out a list of orders for her.

"Commander Miral Aldrin, formerly 1st officer of the USS Arizona, please report to Captain Odren Leres of the USS Sovereign at earliest convenience. Receive further instructions upon arrival."

So they want me to go to the Sovereign. She thought as she began to wake up. *S### I'm going to have to deal with Odren somehow.* She peered out the window to check on if the Sovereign was there yet, and was suddenly behold to yet another Sovereign class starship, this time docked to one of the Station's lower pylons. The words 'U.S.S. Sovereign' and the registry 'NCC-73811' left little doubt that the ship was waiting for her to come over.

Without a moment to lose, she sprinted to the replicator and stated "coffee, cappuccino." and began to piece together her uniform as the black murky liquid materialised into a replicated mug. Fitting on her combadge, she swiped away at the mug, drinking the entire thing in one go, before putting the mug back in the replicator and recycling it. With a new sense of energy, she bolted out the door to her new destiny.

As she arrived on the bridge of the Sovereign, she noticed something slightly off about the bridge; hardly anyone was there. Sure there were technicians fixing up the interior for it's new mission, but there were no officers at their stations assisting the efforts. While peculiar in her mind, she turned and headed towards Captain Leres' office, before pressing the doorbell button next to the doors.

"Enter." A voice made out through the doors as the two metal sliding doors hissed away from Aldrin to reveal his office. Inside, not only was Captain Leres there, but also Ensign Organa, R2-D2, Captain Han Solo and Luke Skywalker as well.

"Ahh, Commander Aldrin." Began Leres as he extended his hand as a sign of friendship. "We were just talking about you. Please take a seat."

The trill male gestured towards the empty visitors chair in front of his desk as the others made room for Aldrin to pass through. Aldrin silently nodded, taking a seat in the chair as she looked at him in confusion.

"The rest of you can go now." He stated. "This conversation may get a bit personal." the remaining people in the room filtered out, leaving Aldrin and Leres in peace.

“So, where to start?” Sarcastically asked Aldrin.

“I believe an apology would suffice in between us.” replied Leres. “For leaving you behind once we graduated from the Academy.”

“Without even the slightest hint you were going on a completely different assignment to me? You lied to me, you cheating bastard! All that time I thought you had been reassigned at the last minute, but in actuality you had requested reassignment so you could sleep with that Betazoid b####!”

“Let’s put that in the past right now okay?” Demanded Leres in an authoritative tone. “In case you haven’t noticed, we’re at war with an enemy who’s faster, bigger and deadlier than anything we’ve faced in the past, which means we need to put aside our personal differences and work together. Is that understood?”

“Whatever.” Aldrin begrudgingly accepted as she leaned back in her seat. “What do you need me for?”

“I understand you’ve been stuck on Deep Space 9 for the past 6 months.” Began Leres. “From what I can gather, you were just dumped there and left behind in the war effort, if i’m not mistaken.”

“You’ve perfectly summed up my life at this point in time.” commented Aldrin.

“Well this is your chance to get back in the game.” continued Leres. “2 days ago, the Sovereign picked up a subspace burst transmission from the Ivor system. Analysis of the transmission shows that not only was it using Starfleet encryption techniques, but it also beared identification markers to a probe sent by the USS Enterprise shortly before the war began.”

“I can tell there’s a but coming up.” figured Aldrin.

“You’re still able to see through me after all these years. While the markers were from a Federation probe, the actual message itself wasn’t from the probe, nor was it from the Galactic Empire. Instead, it was from the Rebel Alliance.”

“I’ve heard of them before. They’re the group that Leia and the others were working for before first contact.”

“The message itself wasn’t too much. There was only the words ‘rendezvous, explain on arrival’, followed by a set of coordinates and the identification marker of a starship called ‘Red 2’.”

“So what you’re saying is, they’re sending a ship to us to bring a message.”

“Sometimes I wish you didn’t solve the problem while I’m talking.” Jokingly Retorted Leres. “Shortly afterwards, long-range sensors picked up two ships that went into hyperspace within the Ivor system. At our current estimates, we will have to leave in 15 hours in order to arrive at the rendezvous point on time.”

“So why does this involve me?” asked Aldrin. “Surely you and Commander Larsen could go out on this by yourselves.”

“Commander Larsen was recently promoted to Captain.” explained Leres. “She’s stopping off here to take command of the USS Omaha.”

“Good for her.” remarked Aldrin.

“Crappy thing is, she’s taking half of my command staff with her, our Helm Officer, Chief Engineer and our Chief Medical officer. We recently also lost our Chief of Security and our Science officer in an Imperial ambush shortly before we got here. I need someone I can trust as a first officer, and you and your crew were part of the first contact with the Rebellion. I need to know whether you’ll be my First Officer on this mission.”

“So this is what this is all about.” remarked Aldrin. “And why should I accept your invitation when I can’t even trust you?”

“Because this could change the course of the war.” Answered Leres. “If the rebellion considers their message this important to have to be sent to us via a ship, then it’s bound to be very important. I can tell you’re restless here on Deep Space 9; believe me anyone would get restless here if they had nothing to do, even with the wormhole. And it’s only for this mission; if you want to leave afterwards, you can. I don’t care, I just need a new first officer. If you refuse, I’ll just promote one of your crewmates and we can forget this ever happened. So answer my question; do you accept it or not?”

Aldrin thought for a moment about her current predicament. She was about to decide whether to work with one of the only people she hated in Starfleet, or step back and fade into obscurity once more. In her mind, thoughts were racing around as she contemplated the consequences of her actions. Could this mission help her find salvation? Would she be able to rebound from the position she now found herself in? Or would she once again slip under the radar, never to be heard of again? One thing was certain though; her answer.

“I accept.”

In his own ready room on the Enterprise, Admiral Picard was preparing numerous files for his next meeting. Numerous files, reports and logs had been sent to him through secure channels, briefing him about the current situation with the Dominion and how to react to this once hostile power. However, no log or report could prepare him for the Dominion more than the person he was about to meet.

The door comm chimed as the person who Picard was due to meet had arrived. Without hesitation, he called, “Come.” and the doors swiftly opened to reveal the person whom Picard had been waiting for.

“Commander Grant Mcarthy reporting for duty sir.” announced Mcarthy.

“At ease commander.” Gently Ordered Picard. “Please, take a seat.”

McCarthy sat in the visitor's chair before Picard continued. "I understand you are the Federation's leading expert on the Dominion."

"Yes I am sir." replied McCarthy. "I spent 3 years posted on the Federation embassy on Karamma before they shut it down a month before the Imperial War began."

"Understood. And how much information about the Dominion did you manage to gather in that time period?"

"Well I could tell you the difference between a Dominion citizen species and a Dominion slave species, but I can tell that's not what I've been sent here to do."

"Precisely Commander." Jokingly replied Picard as he gave a slight chuckle. "As you are well aware, Starfleet is sending the Enterprise toward the gamma quadrant in the hopes of making contact with the Dominion. They are also embarking on a separate mission to rendezvous with a rebel ship, in the hopes that they will reveal new information about the Empire. As a result, they have temporarily reassigned the Rebel specialists aboard the Enterprise to the Sovereign, which docked here several hours ago. I need to know whether I can count on you to help guide us through this mission. While I am Starfleet's best diplomat, my experience with the Dominion is somewhat lacking compared to others."

"If it's knowledge you need, then it's knowledge you'll get sir." Answered McCarthy. "I'm here to do my duty to Starfleet. If this is going to help win the war sir, then you can count me in."

"Excellent." Exclaimed Picard. "I look forward to working with you. The Enterprise will be departing Deep Space 9 in two days. Be ready by then."

McCarthy turned and walked out the door, leaving Picard in his room alone. At last, Picard was alone with his thoughts. Finally, he could relax and think to himself for a while...

"Oh did you really think I would leave you alone right now?" exclaimed a voice as Q flashed in front of Picard's desk.

"Q, now is not the time for another of your childish games." bluntly stated Picard.

"Oh please stop, Picard. I only play games when there's nothing to do, nothing to see. And these Imperials have really got me interested."

"If all you've come here to do is gloat that we will not prevail against the Empire, then get out." ordered Picard, this time with a hint of anger to his voice.

"Why must you always think I'm not on your side?"

"Because last time you 'helped' us, you put Starfleet under trial for months, giving the Imperials the freedom to wreak havoc on our space! It was only through my actions and the actions of others they were contained, and that was difficult at best too."

"Oh, and are you referring to Captain Trent in those others as well? You know he made first contact with the Empire, if anything he should be blamed for starting the war--"

“I don’t have the time or diligence to put up with you anymore Q.” angrily growled Picard.
“Either you tell me what you want to tell me, or leave.”

“Fine then, I’ll tell. I’m here to give you advice on the Dominion.”

“I’ve already got someone for that Q. And he doesn’t randomly burst into my life and give me hell.”

“Would you just shut up and listen for once in your mortal life Picard?”

Picard was deadly silent as Q continued.

“The Dominion has a spy in the Galactic Empire. They’ve been up to their usual tricks, attempting to destabilise their governing system whilst still remaining undercover. The fortunate thing for them this time, is that they haven’t been caught out yet.”

Picard briefly thought about this revelation, discerning whether it was true or otherwise. It would be plausible for a changeling to have successfully infiltrated the Galactic Empire, even at the highest level, as Imperial scanner technology was not advanced enough to tell apart separate species, only life and machine. And with Imperial medical science especially lacking, a Changeling would even be able to pass a simple blood test using blood taken from the victim.

“Please proceed.” Requested Picard whilst deep in his own thoughts.

“And now, they have figured out how to install Imperial technology on their own ships. The whole reason they cut you people off was because they felt they had to deal with the new threat by themselves.”

“But if they can control the Galactic Empire and have access to Imperial technology-”

“Then there’s no stopping them from conquering the entire galaxy.” finished Q as Picard realised the power the Dominion now held. “This time, cutting off the wormhole won’t do you any good; they could be anywhere in the Galaxy within days, and there’d be nothing you’d be able to do about it.”

“Oh, my...” Picard’s words trailed off as he realised in horror what could happen

“Exactly. So, I think you were only supposed to leave two days from now.” Q went up to Picard and aggressively whispered into his ear. “If I were you, I’d leave as soon as possible.”

Q walked back to be in front of Picard. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I really must get going. So many places to visit, people to see, it’s hard being omnipotent sometimes. Au revoir!”

And with a snap of his fingers, Q suddenly no longer existed, disappearing into thin air as usual, leaving Picard alone once more. Picard sat in silence for a moment, considering what Q had to say to him. Was it true that the Dominion had Imperial technology? Would the empire fall to the Dominion, giving all it’s resources and technology to the Federation’s darkest enemy? And could Picard somehow convince the Dominion to side with them in this conflict?

“Picard to Worf.” he barked into his combadge.

“Worf here sir.” came through the combadge.

“I need the Enterprise ready to leave Deep Space 9 by tomorrow.” ordered Picard. “Have our advisor notified as well.”

“Understood Admiral.” acknowledged Worf. *“What reason should I give for the change?”*

“I have reason to believe that time is now of the essence. I’ll give you the details later.”

“Aye sir.”

“Picard out.” Picard leant back in his chair, contemplating what he had just done.

Charging headfirst into the situation...my, my, how war changes us. He thought to himself as he walked up to the window. Staring outside, he looked out into the depths of space, the stars littering the view as he knew what was probably going on in each.

I’m getting too old for this. He thought as he continued to look through the window, hoping for the future.

A Chance

Chapter 4: A Chance

On the wrecked husk of the USS Arizona's saucer, Darius Trent worked at the computer core console, piecing together the complex equations in front of him. As most of the main science stations and labs had been destroyed by debris and battle damage, the core room itself was the only real place where he could get any work done. He tapped away as he worked in front of the two stormtroopers who stood at the door, pointing their blasters at him in case he turned around suddenly. The business ends of the blasters were held to the back of his head, set on stun but ever ready to fire.

"You know, it may be easier to work here without the constant threat of being shot." chirped up Trent.

"Captain's orders Federation scum." replied one of the Stormtroopers. "He doesn't want you using this wreck for your own purposes."

"So? You could achieve the same thing with a guard outside the door and a security camera system."

"Hey, I think our orders were to shoot this piece of trash if he tried to talk to us." remarked the other stormtrooper.

"Fine, fine, I'll leave you to your guns." Relented Trent as he refocused on his work. He continued to interface with the console, working away as the stormtroopers stayed in position.

"You can go now." Called a voice. "I want some time alone with the prisoner."

"Yes Grand Moff." The two stormtroopers replied simultaneously. Without a word, they lowered their blasters, and marched out the door, to Trent's great surprise.

"Whoever you are, you'd better make this damn quick." Demanded Trent. "In case you haven't noticed, I'm kinda in the middle of something here."

"Oh I don't think you'll have to worry about that right now." Replied the voice. The body which it possessed started slowly walking out of the shadows behind the computer core. "I've frozen time across the multiverse for everyone and everything except for us. No one will ever know or guess that we spoke."

"Q, you really do show up at the most inconvenient times." Remarked Trent as he realised who was now there with him.

"But those times are where I'm most needed." Rebutted Q. "And besides, there are some things you should know now."

"Like what?"

“Like a plan to rescue you.”

“Oh come on. That’s a load of bulls#### and you know it. The Federation would never attempt to rescue me. They don’t even know I’m still alive!”

“Where did I say Federation? Maybe if you damned mortals listened instead of argued, you’d actually learn something.”

Trent stood still as Q continued.

“Now, getting back to what I was saying, there is a plan made by the Rebel Alliance, that’s right, the Rebellion, not your precious Federation, to rescue you from this facility. Their operatives are already on this station, looking for you.”

“Well as far as I know, only I, those stormtroopers and Captain Beratas are onboard the saucer section, and I’m now forced to live and sleep in this wreck. They won’t be able to contact me in any way, as all functions of the Arizona have now been routed through the station.”

“I’ll give you a hint; not all messages are obvious. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got otherworldly things to attend to now.”

“Like?”

“Like maybe not pissing off a certain mad lady with a blue box. Farewell.”

Q gave his familiar cheeky smile, before he once again flashed out of existence. Trent turned back to face the console as the stormtroopers flashed back into the room, completely unaware of what had just happened. Trent began to get back to work, but as he did so, something caught his eye. A small tab on the side of his LCARS menu, which flickered in and out of existence on the screen. In one of it’s fleeting moments of useability, he opened it, and six words flashed up on his screen:

DECK 4, SECTION 17, 2 DAYS.

The message quickly disappeared from the screen, and the tab was never seen by Trent again.

We’ll just have to see what the future brings now, won’t we Darius. He thought to himself as continued to work, ever wary of the two armed men behind him.

Meanwhile, in a completely different universe, 2 Executor class Super Star Destroyers orbited the planet Nimbus 3 in formation. This planet, once called “The Planet of Galactic Peace” was now nothing more than an empty husk, long since abandoned by the inhabitants of the planet after the planet fell under the influence of the Galactic Empire. Indeed, the Empire has even established a key base of operations here, as it was essentially a midpoint between Federation, Klingon and Romulan space, from which forces could convene and organise for strikes on various systems. This had led on to even a large resupply station constructed in orbit, large enough to dock up to 20 regular Imperial 1 or 2 Star Destroyers

simultaneously, and even enough for 2 Executor Class Super Star Destroyers, although the latter was never done due to constant docking by smaller ships. Regardless, the station's key position had let it be named 'Midway Outpost' by both the Empire and anyone who dared to attack it.

Aboard Midway, Darth Vader was having an important meeting with his three leading Admirals in the war, Admirals Motti, Piett and Sloane, the final one appearing via hologram. They had become the commanders of the three Executor Class Super Star Destroyers which lead the attacks on the Alpha and Beta Quadrants, the ships Arbitrator, Executor and Ravager, while Vader had coordinated the entire war from Midway itself.

"I expect to hear good news from all three of you." Announced Vader. "It has been nearly a month since our last meeting."

"And it is good news you shall get." Affirmed Piett. "I have managed to capture the Ty'gor, Khitomer and Narendra systems from the Klingon animals. Although it is often difficult to hold onto these systems, I believe we can wait for the Klingons to run out of resources to maintain their rather aggressive war effort."

"While I hate to feel as if I have underachieved, I must admit that my progress through Romulan space has not been as successful as I had anticipated." added Sloane. *"I have only managed to really hold on to the Cheron system, as all our other invasion attempts are cut short before we can even leave the system."*

"You promised me you would have control of the Algeron and the Terix systems by now." annoyedly Replied Vader.

"Yes, but the issue is we can't even leave the system." Rebutted Sloane. *"Their ships appear to run off gravitational singularities, and they appear to have used them as interdicator ships. This combined with their cloaking technology means we have no way of knowing where their ships are, and as of this moment we are under siege within the system."*

"With that news, I can only wonder how the Federation campaign is going." remarked Vader as he prodded Motti to speak.

"Well the Federation campaign goes much better than the other two." began Motti. "Not only do we now hold the Axanar and Betazed systems, but we have also recently taken the New Sydney, Aurelia and Acitum systems."

"Interesting." commented Vader. "And how have you managed to take all these systems in such a short span of time?"

"We have used a combined strategy of hard, fast engagements and hyperspace attacks. Usually in each engagement, we drop out of hyperspace extremely close to the defending force, who are usually unprepared for a full scale attack. As their shields are down and the power of our turbolasers at this range is even more powerful than their phasers, we can easily destroy the enemy force before capturing the planet without much ground resistance. If a defending force manages to survive our first engagement, then we will continuously attack

them in multiple separate engagements, wearing them down until they wear out and are destroyed.”

“And yet your casualty reports are among the highest in the entire assault fleet. So tell me Fleet Admiral; how were those casualties taken?”

“Well obviously, our tactics involve extreme close range combat, meaning that debris from their vessels is more likely to hit us. And when we do bring them close to destruction and offer surrender, they more often than not self-destruct their starships or ram them into our own. And then there is the Discovery-”

“The Discovery?” exclaimed Piett. “How has that wreck been bothering you? My most loyal Captain himself has said that his ship destroyed it.”

“Well it turns out, your Captain has been lying.” continued Motti. “This is surviving footage from an attack group we sent out to capture the Vulcan system.” He got up and began displaying footage on the conference room’s viewer. On it, an Imperial fleet began to bombard the local shipyards closeby to the planet, but before it could continue, the USS Discovery and several Vesta class ships appeared. They began to lay waste to the fleet, as Imperial ships struggled to land shots on the more maneuverable ships, especially the Discovery, which used it’s Spore Drive to continuously avoid any shots fired by the Imperial ships. The last footage recorded on the monitor showed the Discovery jumping directly in front of the ship filming, before the feed went completely black.

“While the Federation has only a handful of these ships, they are proving a nuisance to our campaigns in the region. I believe that should the Romulan invasion fail, we could find that Romulan ships will appear in Federation and Klingon space.”

“I can see the predicament you are in here.” commented Vader. “I shall have more resources devoted to the Romulan and Federation campaigns. However, before I do this, I need assurance that the rebel craft which escaped our capture at Ivor.”

“You mean the small rebel fighter which blasted it’s way through our staging area?” asked Motti. “There is no need to fret about it. I have a Star Destroyer loaded with TIE Defenders in pursuit of it.”

“You are putting a lot of faith in the TIE Defender in your campaign.”

“My lord, I already informed you that the TIE Defender is more than a match for the Federation Peregrine fighter. In at least one engagement, a full squadron of TIE Defenders was able to single handedly eliminate the entire fighter complement of an Akira Class.”

“Just be sure to have variance in your attack plans Motti. The Federation is known to have a great ability to adapt.”

Vader stood up as he made his final statement to the group.

“All of you still have a long way to go. As you are aware, the Empire has recently gotten wind of several other major powers in this galaxy. For instance, a probe of ours recorded this

message in what is referred to as the ‘Delta Quadrant’ before we lost contact with it.”

He pressed a button as the message played out.

“We are the Borg. Existence as you know it is over. We will add your biological and technological distinctiveness to our own. Your culture will adapt to service us. Resistance is futile.”

The message sent a chill down the spines of almost everyone in the room, save for Motti, who had known who it was from the very start.

“It will take time for us to conquer this galaxy. Therefore, we must ensure that our tasks here are completed as quickly and efficiently as possible. My patience is wearing thin Admirals. Should you not make any significant gains by our next meeting, you will find my tolerance to have run out. Dismissed.”

Sloane’s hologram faded away as the two other men walked out of the room. As soon as the doors closed behind them, Vader immediately turned to the nearest console, which displayed that he had an unread urgent message. Curiously, he tapped on it and read the contents in perplexity.

My Lord,

My name is Commander Helios Maxus, First Officer of the SSD Arbitrator. I bring in this message news of a potential treasonous plan by Fleet Admiral Conan Motti.

Ever since the Fleet Admiral has taken command of the Arbitrator, he has done nothing but remained in his quarters, except in moments where he must command the bridge or in meetings. Not only has he done this, but he has also blocked access to viewing his usage of the ship’s long range communications network, and we sometimes receive transmissions from areas of the Galaxy where there is no Imperial presence. However, before we can investigate them, they are deleted by Motti himself, and he constantly avoids talking about it.

While I am only a commander and have very little power, I urge you to investigate him yourself. I have managed to convince the Fleet Admiral that the Arbitrator’s crew could use some shore leave here at Midway station, and have planned out several attacks on key Federation worlds to occur in the meantime. I suggest you use this time to investigate my concerns and see if my suspicions are proven correct.

With utmost urgency,

Commander Helios Maxus, SSD Arbitrator, 1st officer.

We shall certainly see... through Vader as he stared at the doors, thinking in silence as thoughts raced inside his head.

Aboard the USS Sovereign, Commander Aldrin sat in her new first officer's seat aboard the Sovereign Class ship. While her role was very familiar to her, this ship and most of its crew weren't. The Sovereign's crew was not too much smaller than the Arizona's being at 800 rather than the Arizona's 1000, but still, she sometimes felt as if she was in an unfamiliar, crowded environment, constantly having to push through the crowd to get to where she needed to be. She hadn't felt this way since Starfleet Academy years prior, and that was a while ago.

"Captain on the bridge!" called a voice as everyone, including Aldrin stood to attention the moment the turbolift doors opened. Out the doors walked Captain Leres, the Captain of the Sovereign and an 'acquaintance' of Aldrin's.

"At ease." Stated Leres. "Are we ready for departure?"

"All systems are green lit for launch." Answered Aldrin. "We're currently waiting on approval from Ops to head off."

"I see." Replied Leres. "What are they waiting on?"

"Apparently they want us to leave after the Enterprise does. Something about not putting too much stress on the pylons all at once."

"Very well then. We'll wait."

"Sir, Enterprise is now undocking from the Station." Announced Hawk at her new position at the helm.

The Enterprise slowly pushed away from one of the station's upper arms as the ship's power sequence initiated. The warp nacelles returned to their illuminating colour of blue and red as the impulse engines began to flare in intensity. The ship's running lights individually came on, moving from the name and registries on the back of the nacelles to the main registries and name on the saucer. The Enterprise briefly sat still, before beginning to move away from the station, now under impulse power, towards the Bajoran Wormhole.

"Sovereign, this is Ops. You are cleared for departure." Came through the speakers as Leres sat down in his command chair.

"About time too Ops." Commented Leres. "Thanks for the stock up."

"Anytime Sovereign. Godspeed."

"Well, I don't see any point in waiting around any longer. Initiate power up sequence."

The Sovereign then went through the same process as the Enterprise, unlocking the docking clamps holding it to the station as the ship's thrusters pushed it away from the pylon. As the Nacelles and Impulse engines lit up, the ship's running lights also flared into existence, culminating in the ship's saucer running lights illuminating the name and registry. The ship stood still for a moment, before slowly accelerating away from the station at impulse speed.

Two ships were now at full impulse away from Deep Space 9, both on their respective war-saving missions. In one direction, an ancient threat was hoped to be turned into a new ally, whereas in the other, a rumoured organisation never actually seen before was willing to talk to the Federation. Both didn't know what to expect on the way, but one thing was for sure; no longer would the Federation be up against the wall in this fight.

As the Bajoran Wormhole flared into existence, the Enterprise rushed to enter it's maw. Through it's 70,000 light year long tunnel lay the distant Gamma Quadrant, a still unexplored land where the Dominion owner nearly all space in that region. The Enterprise sailed through the mouth of the wormhole, before the wormhole closed in a flash of light, swallowing the Enterprise inside it's tunnel for the journey to the Gamma quadrant.

Meanwhile, in the opposite direction, the Sovereign got itself a safe distance away from Deep Space 9. The warp nacelles of the mighty starship had been charging up for warp speed, and were just ready to send the ship at speeds many times faster than light. With a flash from the nacelles, the ship seemingly stretched out into the distance as a warp bubble formed around the ship, before disappearing into the distance with a bang and a flash.

Point of no Return

Chapter 5: Point of No Return

Admiral's log, stardate 58220.69. After visiting the planet Karemma and querying the locals about recent Dominion activity, I've called a meeting with my senior staff to discuss the current situation.

Inside the USS Enterprise's observation lounge, Admiral Picard was just beginning to have a meeting with his senior officers about their current situation. Present at the meeting was Commander Worf, First officer, Commander Grant MCarthy, the Federation's leading expert on the Dominion, Lieutenant Commander Miranda Kadhata, Second officer and operations officer, Commander Geordi La Forge, Chief Engineer, Commander Beverly Crusher, Chief Medical Officer, Lieutenant Jasminder Choudhury, Security Chief and Lieutenant Dina Flfiki, Science officer.

"So, as you are all aware, I recently led an away team down to the planet Karemma, in order to gather intelligence about recent Dominion activity." Began Picard. "They stated that while some Dominion ships were still visiting the planet, they were now going there more frequently, and faster than they could anticipate as well."

"Well, the Dominion is known to have a huge array of resources and technology." commented Choudhury. "It would be possible for them to have built more ships in the time since we were last here."

"While that may be the case under normal circumstances, that is not the case here." rebutted MCarthy. "As per Admiral Picard's recent encounter with Q, he stated that the Dominion have now gotten their hands on Imperial tech, so it's more likely to assume that they've installed Hyperdrives on their ships."

"It would make sense for them to go with that immediately." Remarked La Forge. "Dominion ships can only achieve warp 6, so it would be in their best interests to nullify that weakness before they strike."

"But if they have Hyperdrives, there's a chance they could also have the schematics for a Death Star Battlestation, wouldn't there be?" Proposed Crusher.

"There is the chance for anything and everything to happen at this point in time Commander." settled Picard. "What does matter now, is what we do once we reach their homeworld. So, does anyone have suggestions?"

"While we don't have a cloaking device like the Defiant, I suggest we do everything we do to minimise our detectability." Suggested Choudhury. "This would mean travelling at low warp, decreasing general power usage and minimising our sensor range."

"With all due respect though, wouldn't that make us seem like the Tal Shiar and the Obsidian Order in their attempted attack on the founders?" Argued Crusher.

“It’s the best option for the safety of the Enterprise Ma’am. This way we won’t be attacked en route to their homeworld and will be able to carry out our mission.”

“I don’t think a Sovereign Class starship screams diplomatic in a war now don’t you?”

“Is there anything we could do to make us not seem like the enemy?” asked Picard

“We could send them a message stating our need to discuss matters.” answered Worf. “let them know we’re not hostile and we just want to talk.”

“And reveal our presence to their fleet?” rebutted Choudhury. “If they know where we are, they’ll just send a strike force to eliminate us immediately.”

“I see where Commander Worf is going with this.” remarked Mcarthy. “Giving our location away to them will seem like a trusting maneuver, leading to them respecting us more than before for having the nuts to do something like this.”

“Excellent.” exclaimed Picard. “Start preparations for such a transmission immediat-”

“Sir, hyperspace sensors just picked up several starships on course to intercept us.” came through the intercom.

“Can you identify them?” asked Picard.

“Sir, they appear to be a Jem’hadar dreadnought and 2 squadrons of fighters.”

“Understood. Time to intercept?”

“At their current speed, they’ll be at our location in 3 minutes.”

“Put the ship on Yellow Alert and standby.” Ordered Picard as he and everyone else in the room rushed to the door. “To your posts officers!”

“Report!” demanded Picard as he and his bridge crew walked onto the bridge.

“Dominion ships are now more than a minute and a half away.” reported the officer on duty at the time. “All stations now confirm Yellow Alert status, and all defensive systems are on hot standby.”

“Hail the Jem’hadar.” Ordered Picard as the rest of the crew took their seats as he stood in front of the Captain’s chair. The comm officer nodded as he established a channel from the Enterprise to the Dominion fleet. Giving him a thumbs up, Picard began his hail.

“Dominion vessels, this is Admiral Jean-Luc Picard of the Federation Starship Enterprise. We are on a peaceful diplomatic mission, and only wish to talk. As a gesture of goodwill, we have not raised our shields. Please respond.”

Several moments of silence passed after his message.

“No response sir.” stated the Comm officer.

“Admiral, the ships-” Worf was cut off mid sentence as the Dominion ships suddenly dropped out of hyperspace.

A truly awe-striking sight now beheld the crew, as a massive Jem’hadar dreadnought dropped out of hyperspace right on top of the Enterprise. Flanking it were two squadrons of Jem’hadar fighters, all in precise formation around the massive dreadnought. The form of the Enterprise was slowly consumed by the shadow of the supermassive ship.

“...sir, the Jem’hadar ship is now hailing us.” announced the comm officer.

“Onscreen.” Picard was not prepared for who was to greet him.

“Admiral Picard, this is Odo. We need to talk.”

Aboard the USS Arizona, Captain Trent woke up by himself in the middle of the night. Instead of the dark, sullen brig they used to throw him in, he now slept in a random crewman’s quarters aboard the Arizona. It felt odd being back aboard the Arizona; for the past 6 months he had seen nothing but matte grey hallways and utilitarian hardware. Now, he was surrounded by the familiar looks of the home-like beige and touch screen displays.

The doors hissed open to reveal his two stormtrooper guards, both with their blasters drawn in their standard positions. Trent got out of the bed, ready for what was probably about to happen.

“Get out. Captain wants to see you in the ready room.” Demanded one of them as he gestured with his blaster to the handcuffs on the table top. Almost willingly, Trent held his hands out for the troopers, as they slipped the cuffs on and activated them. With a small nudge, they forced him in front of them and made him walk at a moderate pace.

As they walked through the darkened corridors, Trent looked around him. Most of the corridors were still marked with blackened battle damaged walls, exploded consoles and random debris lying on the floor. Some of the ship’s lights weren’t even working, most of them flickering between on and off states. The solemn state the saucer was left in left Trent with a small distaste in his mouth; the fact that his home for the past 8 years had been reduced to such a weakened state only reminded him of the horrors of war. He had known many of the crewmembers who had once walked these corridors, and the ones who had been killed in the various battles the ship had partook in, and to see their shared home reduced to a fraction of it’s former state felt like an insult to their memory.

As they rounded another corner, he suddenly noticed that they were suddenly on deck 4. As they turned into a corridor labeled ‘section 17’ he turned to his captors.

“This isn’t the way to the ready room.” he defiantly stated, causing the two troopers to look at each other in confusion.

Before either of them could reply, the ship suddenly went to red alert, as a voice blared *“Attention all units. Rebel fighters have been spotted approximately 12 Kilometres from base. All fighters launch.”*

“I thought they said this would be a quiet extraction!” yelled one of the stormtroopers.

“Well, you can’t be exactly quiet when you have one of the most advanced scanning systems docked to your base now can you?” argued the other as they released Trent from his cuffs.

“I think now would be a good time to tell me what the hell’s going on!” Demanded Trent.

“No time, just get to the shuttlebay!” replied one of the Stormtroopers. Without hesitation, the three of them began running down the corridor.

As they reached the shuttlebay, they ran into a stormtrooper patrol, marching around guarding entrance. Without hesitation, Trent’s escorts fired on the guards, who were momentarily caught off guard by their presence. 4 of them fell before the rest of them took cover behind various structural arches in the corridor. It then turned into a shootoff between the two sides as both sides exchanged laser fire.

“We’re outnumbered.” declared one of Trent’s escorts.

“Not if I can do something about it.” Trent quickly reached into the wall to reveal an emergency stowed phaser within. In moments, he had not only activated it, but set it to overload itself. He threw it beyond their cover, landing it square between the guards. Before they could react, the phaser exploded, sending body parts and blood splattering across the corridor.

The trio then proceeded to resume running into the shuttle bay. As they ran through the door, several craft appeared to be fighting outside the forcefield, some being imperial TIE fighters, others being craft unknown to Trent, but evidently Rebel craft. A blue striped craft entered the landing bay, it’s side mounted wings folding forwards as the doors to the inside opened up.

“Get in the U-wing!” screamed one of the troops as Trent climbed into the ship. The two stormtroopers made it in as Imperial reinforcements charged into the shuttlebay. Laser hits pinged off the hull of the U-wing as it’s landing doors closed. The U-wing re-extended it’s wings, lumberingly turned to face the forcefield, before rocketing out of the shuttlebay into the fury of the outside.

As Trent made himself comfortable within the transport bay of the U-wing, the two stormtroopers removed their helmets. They both looked very similar to each other, both with similar facial structures, builds and whitening hair, although one had a massive scar along the right side of his face, interrupted by a cybernetic eye.

“Well, that’s the last time I impersonate a stormtrooper.” declared the one without a scar. “I’m getting too old for this.” Noticing Trent with a confused look on his face, he stated, “Sorry about the sudden extraction, but we couldn’t inform you in person without getting caught.”

“Don’t worry,” replied Trent, “a...friend of mine informed me of your arrival.”

“I don’t think we’ve been formally introduced.” declared the man. “I’m Captain Rex of the Rebel alliance. This is Commander Wolffe with the robotic eye over there.” Rex extended his hand out in friendship, with Trent staring at it for a moment, unsure of whether to trust him or not.

“Captain Darius Trent, United Federation of Planets.” he replied as he shook Rex’s hand. “Are you aware of how the war’s going?”

“We’re not exactly sure what’s going on right now, but the Empire’s dedicating significant resources to the war effort.” answered Rex.

“Over 5,000 Star Destroyers have now gone through that thing over Tatooine now.” added Wolffe. “You can bet something very special’s going on over there. Sectors are so rarely patrolled by Star Destroyers now that it was easy for us to slip through and get here.”

“I see.” commented Trent.

“Prepare for the jump to hyperspace.” called out the pilot from the cockpit. Trent looked outside and noticed the remaining fighters beginning to form up on their transport ship. They appeared to have a red paint job on them, with wings which folded up into an X shape when they were not being used. These fighters folded their wings back down, and fell back to the sides of their transport.

However, before they could get away, an orange beam hit one of their escorts, destroying it instantly as it burst into flames. Their ship shuddered with the shockwave produced, as well as the impact of micro debris on the hull as the remaining ships swerved to avoid the debris

“What the hell was that?” exclaimed Rex. “We’re well out of range of the station’s defense grid.”

“That’s because we’re not under attack from the station.” responded Trent. “Bring us around. I need to be sure.”

The pilot cooperated without responding, and the ship banked hard to port to view who the new aggressor was. Trent let out a sigh as he confirmed what was happening.

“Just as I feared. They’ve managed to repair the Arizona’s weapons.”

“Can we get out of their range?” asked Rex.

“You can’t.” answered Trent. “The phaser arrays on the Arizona have a range upwards of 300,000 kms.”

“Well, what do we do then?”

“Try and fly an evasive pattern. I destroyed the targeting computer before they could capture her, so they’ll have to rely on manual targeting.”

As another fighter beside them was hit by a stray phaser shot, their ship began a series of evasive maneuvers, dodging phaser hits as fighters began to form up on their flanks.

“Have Gold and Blue squadrons attack the Arizona!” ordered Rex. Several fighters of various classes moved away from their group to hit the Arizona. Multiple fighters with yellow hull panels and exposed machinery began to drop proton and ion bombs on the saucer shaped vessel, but to no avail, as the ship’s shields had also been raised. The Arizona detached itself from the station as it began to pursue the fighters, eliminating two with it’s phasers as it sporadically fired in all directions.

“What do you suggest Darius?” asked Rex as Trent stared out into space at the battle before him.

All is lost

Chapter 6: All is lost

Engagement 7: Battle of Midway

Romulan Star Empire

Class: D'deridex

Ships present: 200

Known ships: IRW Deranas

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 6 Disruptor Arrays, 4 Disruptor Cannons, 2 Torpedo Launchers, 100 Photon Torpedoes, 200 Plasma Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 16 shuttlecraft, 8 shuttlepods

Class: Mogai

Ships present: 50

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.95

Armament: 12 Disruptor Cannons, 6 Torpedo Launchers, 50 Photon Torpedoes, 100 Plasma Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 4 shuttlepods

Galactic Empire

Class: Executor

Ships present: 2

Known ships: SSD Executor, SSD Arbitrator

Maximum combat speed: 40 MGLT

Armament: 4,000 Turbolasers,

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal

Auxiliary craft: 855 TIE fighters

Class: Imperial 2

Ships present: 100

Known ships: ISD Vigilance

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Class: Arquitens

Ships present: 14

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 12 turbolaser cannons
(turret based), 4 missile launchers, 100
concussion missiles

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard,
Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 30 TIE fighters

Class: Gozanti

Ships present: 50

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 1 Twin laser turret, 1 heavy
laser cannon

Weapons layout: Forward, Aft,
Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 TIE fighters

Aboard Midway station, Fleet Admiral Motti was making preparations for the Arbitrator to get underway. They had spent upwards of 2 days at Midway thanks to the meddling of his First Officer, who was constantly making excuses for them to stay there. Whether it be that the crew needed time off or that the ship was in need of minor repairs, he always seemed to be pulling something out of the hat. Motti began to worry that the Empire was on to him, and as such, had made preparations to dispose of anyone who he considered a threat.

The sudden shaking and explosions caught him off guard as he was thrown off his feet. Alarms blared around him as the intercom frantically began shouting alerts and warnings across the station. The lights began to flicker on and off above him as he began to come to his

senses again. Getting back up, he looked outside the window to reveal the utter carnage which was occurring outside.

Over 200 Romulan ships had ambushed them then and there, decloaking directly underneath several Imperial Star Destroyers, destroying them with ease. And as some were in close proximity to other, smaller support ships, these ships were consumed by the explosions as ships finally began to coordinate between each other. TIE fighters were immediately launched to counter the threat posed by the warbirds, as turbolasers began pouring out of the remaining Imperial vessels.

As he watched the utter carnage outside, his instinct told him that someone was slowly walking up behind him. Hearing the familiar wheezing noises he was now accustomed to, he turned to face the intruder; Darth Vader himself.

"I must admit Motti, this is quite a gathering you have here." began Vader. "A fleet of this size would have surely been occupied with Admiral Sloane's offensive, unless of course Admiral Sloane was...unable to take any action."

"The Romulans have played us all for fools my Lord." rebutted Motti. "I told Sloane that we were going to leave tomorrow in order to continue the Federation offensive. The Romulans must have intercepted the transmission and then launched this strike."

"But there is new information now which you have not heard." continued Vader. "The reinforcements we had sent to help Sloane were recently destroyed just outside the Cheron system. Their last transmission indicated that Admiral Sloane's forces had been destroyed when they arrived, and the wreckage indicated that they had been left there for over 3 months."

That sounds about right. Thought Motti as he looked down slightly.

"You are aware I can now read your thoughts, 'Motti'." Stated Vader.

"So you finally figured it out."

"I had been suspecting it ever since the Battle of Sol. However, with your First Officer now suspecting things, I just had to look into it myself."

"Well, I suppose you came in here to kill me. So do it. Kill me."

Without hesitation, Vader activated his lightsaber, the red glow lighting up the room in the brief periods of darkness. Moving at an unprecedented speed, he thrust his lightsaber into Motti's chest, aiming to score the killing blow in one swift stroke. However, instead of hearing Motti's brief and final cry of pain, Vader was shocked to see that, not only was Motti not dead, but a glowing hole had formed in the place where he had thrust his lightsaber into, avoiding it entirely as he gave Vader a foolish grin.

Furiously, Vader swung his blade upwards, hoping to cut through his body and go through his brain, but alas, the same trick occurred; Motti's body simply morphed to once again avoid the blade as Motti struck back with an extended glowing protrusion from his body. Vader,

completely caught off guard, was thrown across the room, slamming into a wall as Motti slowly walked up to him.

“You know, it’s been fascinating, these past months.” tauntingly Stated Motti as Vader got back on his feet. “Learning your abilities, studying your tactics, analysing your weaknesses. We never got this far with the Federation, or any of it’s allies for that matter. But thanks to your poor scientific resources, we’ve managed to slip into all corners of your society without any issue.”

“No.” fought back Vader, trying to conceive of what the imposter Motti was telling him.

“And it’s all thanks to you. If you hadn’t picked me up after the Death Star blew up, I would never have been able to infiltrate your military. And now, we know everything about you. So thanks ‘Lord’ Vader. You’ve done the Dominion a great service.”

“NOOOOOOOOO.” screamed Vader as Force lightning suddenly erupted from his hand, throwing Motti into the opposite wall. His head slammed on the windows to the outside, and while he was no ordinary humanoid, the impact was still enough to stun him. He fell to the ground, limp and weakened as Vader, who’s suit’s electrical circuits had been completely fried by the blast, fell unconscious as well.

Motti suddenly woke up to see his body was now badly burnt and scarred. Looking over across the room, he saw Vader, still slumped against the bulkhead, unconscious. Noticing that he couldn’t hear the sound of disruptors against the hull anymore, he quickly got up and accessed the station’s comm network.

“Commander Maxus, report.” he demanded as he looked through the window.

“*Admiral, you’re alive.*” stated a surprised Maxus. It wasn’t hard to tell now that Maxus had been a part of his discovery and Vader’s decision to eliminate him. He had tolerated Maxus’s rebellious thoughts for some time now, but now, he couldn’t let him interfere with his escape

“That I am Commander. Nevertheless, I demand a report on the battle.”

“*We’ve managed to drive off the Romulan forces. Most of our ships have sustained heavy damage, and the Executor is now adrift and disabled. However, the Arbitrator is still fully functional and ready to pursue their forces.*”

“Then don’t wait for me to get on board. Chase those bastards down to the last. I’m sending you more official orders now.” Motti imputed the codes to send Maxus to a place where he would never have to see him again. Well, at least for now. He’d deal with the consequences of his decision when he had to. Now though, he had to get out, and he had to get out while everyone was confused.

“*Understood Admiral.*” replied Maxus. “*Arbitrator out.*”

Engagement 8: Engagement over Red 2

United Federation of Planets

Class: Sovereign

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Sovereign

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.985

Armament: 14 Type XII Phaser banks, 5 torpedo launchers, 250 photon torpedoes, 250 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 shuttlecraft, 2 Danube Class Runabouts, 6 McCall Class Fighters, Millennium Falcon

Galactic Empire

Class: Imperial 2

Ships present: 1

Known ships: ISD Emperor's Might

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 36 TIE fighters, 36 TIE Defenders, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Captain's Log, stardate 58221.27. The Sovereign now lies in wait for our rebel friend to show up. I am pleased to report that the senior staff of the USS Arizona has integrated quite well with the crew of the Sovereign, and we seem to function as a unit on a whole, my first officer especially seems to be adjusting back into shipboard life. I'm happy that, despite our differences, she has put them aside so that we can focus on this much larger threat.

The USS Sovereign sat still in space as it lay in wait. It's quarry; a small rebel ship, with a pilot that had a message which could change the entire course of the war. Having arrived at the necessary coordinates hours ago, the Sovereign was by no means slouching, remaining at yellow alert status for the entire time she had been idle.

On the bridge of the Sovereign, Captain Odren Leres gripped the armrests of his command chair in impatience. Three long hours they had waited at the coordinates, and for three long hours, nothing. Not even a whisper on the sensors. He had even begun to wonder whether it was true, or just an elaborate deception by the Empire to capture a Federation starship. Nevertheless, he had his orders, and he would follow them to the letter.

Finally, after what seemed like eons, the Science console lit up with a flurry of warnings.

“Sir, hyperspace sensors have picked up two ships in the area.” announced Horan. “They appear to match the specifications of the ship Red 2 and an Imperial 2 Star Destroyer.”

“Red Alert Mr Th’etonnor.” ordered Leres. “Launch all available fighters.”

At that moment, the Millennium Falcon took off from the ship’s secondary shuttlebay at the end of the secondary hull, while at the same time, the ship’s complement of McCall Class fighters detached from their ceiling based docking points, and roared out of the primary shuttlebay at the back of the saucer. This was followed by the ship’s complement of Danube Class runabouts exiting from both shuttlebays, escorting the Falcon as they all entered into formation around the Sovereign.

“Red 2 will be dropping out of Hyperspace in 3,2,1, now!”

As Horan finished his sentence, Red 2 dropped out of Hyperspace. The small X-Wing fighter was swiftly accompanied by an Imperial 2 Star Destroyer, weapons armed, dwarfing both the X-wing and the Sovereign. Several TIE Defender fighters launched from the Star Destroyer, immediately going in pursuit of the fighter.

“The pilot of Red 2 is signalling us.” announced Th’etonnor. “He is requesting permission to land aboard the ship.”

“Give him it.” replied Leres. “And patch me into the fighters.”

Th’etonnor obeyed as he opened a communications channel to the ship’s auxiliary craft.

“All fighters, this is Captain Leres. Engage the TIE fighters and protect Red 2 for as long as we have to. I understand that you are new to this type of ship, but these are the best fighters that Starfleet has ever built. Trust your simulation training. Good luck.”

“Are you sure we can handle the TIE Defenders?” asked Aldrin. “From what I’ve heard, they’re more than a match for a Peregrine Class.”

“Ah, but you see, the McCall Class is much more advanced than a Peregrine Commander.” answered Leres. “Advanced shields. Enhanced impulse engines. Four phaser cannon mounts. They’re the deadliest fighters we’ve ever made, and Sovereign Class ships are the first ones to get them.”

“Lucky I’m on the Sovereign then.” remarked Aldrin as the two sides of fighters engaged another.

The McCalls opened fire with their quad phaser cannons, destroying two Defenders as they responded with a barrage of lasers. The larger but much more nimble fighters turned to avoid the fire as the Danube classes fired micro torpedoes at the Defenders. The torpedoes slammed into the shields of the Defenders, penetrating one as it began to haplessly burn.

As the dogfighting continued, the Millennium Falcon slipped through the chaotic fighting and began to escort the X-wing. As several regular TIE fighters were launched in response, it

opened fire with its phaser turret on the top of the ship, destroying each in one shot as it rocketed away with the X-wing.

By this point, the fighting had gotten so close together that the Star Destroyer had begun to open fire on the Sovereign. Charging into battle, they both engaged each other in a close quarters strafing run, as the Sovereign began firing its phasers at the much larger vessel. One managed to hit the port shield dome, destroying it as turbolaser hit after turbolaser hit slammed into the side of the Sovereign, visibly flaring up on its shields as both ships proceeded to maneuver away from each other. The Sovereign fired a Quantum torpedo from its rear torpedo launcher, hitting one of the Star Destroyer's rear engines and forcing her to move in a large circle.

Aboard the Millennium Falcon, Han was busy ensuring that the last TIE Defenders were off Red 2's back, before calling back to Chewbacca and Luke, who were manning the turrets.

"Looks like that's the last of them on us. Good shooting back there!"

"You're welcome Han." Called Chewbacca from his turret.

"I'll never get used to those damned universal translators." muttered Han as he began to hail the Sovereign. "This is the Falcon, we're coming in for a landing."

"Understood Falcon. Please be aware we'll only be able to lower our shields for 10 seconds to let you in, so make it quick."

"Understood Sovereign. Standby."

The Falcon and the X-wing swerved around the port nacelle pylon of the Sovereign as they approached the ship's hangar bay. The doors slowly opened for them as they made their rapid approach into the bay. The shields then lowered, shimmering out of existence for a few brief seconds as the two ships made their approach into the shuttlebay.

However, before they could enter, 5 TIE Defenders suddenly dropped out of hyperspace behind the Sovereign. With no shields to stop them, they launched Proton Torpedoes at the unshielded starship, slamming into the hull as the ship was rocked with the impacts. They further continued to damage the hull with their hexal lasers, striking the impulse engines as explosions began to rampage across the hull. The ship's phasers began to take out each ship with exact precision, but more would come at the ship from all directions, forcing the ship's fighter craft to go back to the Sovereign in order to assist in the destruction of the craft

On the bridge, the entire ship seemed to be in an earthquake as consoles sparked out and lights flickered. The operations console next to Hawk suddenly exploded, sending the unfortunate officer flying back until he hit the floor, burn marks across his chests.

"Medical team to the bridge!" ordered Leres as alarms began to go off around him.

"Transferring Ops to this console sir." announced Hawk without thinking. "Major hull damage across the board sir. Transporters are offline and the dorsal shields are not responding."

“They must’ve taken out the emitters along the hull in that section!” figured Aldrin as she clung to her console for dear life.

“Organa to Solo, is everything alright?” asked Organa as the lights showered sparks over the carpet next to her.

“We’ll be alright, but it looks like we have more pressing concerns right now.” replied Han through the intercom. *“We’ll have to get these guys off your backs, so we can’t dock yet.”*

“Understood Solo. Organa out.”

Another hit shook the ship, causing a leakage in the pipework above the bridge and forcing steam out through a crack in the roof into the bridge.

“Bridge to Engineering, we need dorsal shields back now!” ordered Leres through the intercom. Perplexed as to that no-one responded, he tried again. “Bridge to engineering, respond!”

“That last hit took out the intercom sir.” answered Hawk.

“I’ll be down in engineering. You have the con Aldrin.”

He rushed out of his seat to the turbolift immediately as Aldrin sat back down in his chair. The doors to the turbolift swiftly opened, allowing Leres in before just as swiftly shutting him inside.

“Deck 16.” he ordered the turbolift, and at once, it began to take him to his destination. He stood in silence, patiently waiting to get to the deck, as he heard distant alarms from every deck the turbolift passed.

However, as soon as the doors opened to his destination, he was subsumed by a cacophony of noise. Fires burned on different parts of the floor, as tubes and framework hung from the ceiling. Across the deck, various injured or deceased men and women lay lying on the ground as other crew members came to their aid, helping them up as they escorted them to the nearby sickbay.

With no time to lose, Leres sprinted across the hallway, dodging fires and avoiding bodies as he made his way to engineering. Alarms blared across the ship as he ran through the once pristine corridors, preparing to assist in any way he could down in engineering. He would never get the chance.

The wall next to him suddenly erupted as a turbolaser hit suddenly punctured the hull. Fires were instantly extinguished as both crewmembers and debris alike were sucked out into the vacuum of space, dooming them to a slow and painful death. Leres, being next to the hole, was pulled out of the ship and into the depths of space as he uncontrollably spiraled away from the ship with the other crew members. The last thing he ever saw was the burning Sovereign before him as he lost consciousness.

“Major hull breach on deck 16 Commander!” reported Hawk as the bridge crew began to recover from the most recent series of hits. “However, engineering reports now that the intercom has been restored, and the dorsal shields are almost back up. Emergency force fields are in place and holding.”

“How many crewmembers are unaccounted for Lieutenant?” asked Aldrin.

“The computer says that nearly a dozen crew members were in the affected area, including...Captain Leres.”

Everyone sat in silence at the news. Some put a hand to their mouth as they were utterly shocked at the thought, while others quietly held themselves back from crying. Aldrin herself couldn't believe it; another commanding officer she served under now lost in this war. She sat in silence, contemplating her exceedingly dire situation as Hawk asked her. “Commander, what do we do now?”

Resurrected Hope

Chapter 7: Resurrected Hope

“Do your fighter craft have sophisticated scanners?” asked Trent, making his way to the cockpit as the battle between them and the Arizona continued to rage around them.

“The fighter craft have scanners yes, but they’re only meant for targeting.” answered Rex.

“Ok.” replied Trent, putting his head in one hand as he re-thought his plan. “Can I have a close up visual of the Arizona?”

The pilot of the U-wing they were in nodded in silence as he brought up a close up image of the Arizona from an attacking X-wing. The Arizona now had mysteriously developed a mysterious copper ring along the rim of the saucer, with cables and wiring connecting it to the ship’s phaser banks and impulse engines.

“Just as I suspected.” commented Trent. “They’re not using the ship’s reactor to power her, but magnetic induction instead.”

“I’m sorry, I’m not sure I follow.” stated a confused Rex.

“The Arizona’s saucer section reactor was beyond saving; I made sure of that when I destroyed the targeting computer.” Explained Trent. “So they can’t be powering her using that. And the ship’s now disconnected itself from the station as well, so they can’t be using that either. They must be using a magnetic induction coil to power the ship’s systems, using the magnetic field of the nearby gas giant as a power supply. The Arizona can draw all the power it needs from the gas giant’s magnetic field, but only if it stays at the range which it is at now from the gas giant.”

“So, what you’re saying is, the Arizona has virtually unlimited power, but only if it stays close to the gas giant?” figured Rex.

“Exactly. If we can draw the Arizona away from the gas giant, the Arizona will lose power, and eventually it won’t be receiving enough power to keep the shields running.”

“So we’ll be able to hit her hard then while she’s powerless. Brilliant thinking Captain!”

Rex rushed up to the intercom, and began a fleet-wide transmission.

“All ships, this is Captain Rex. We need you to lure the Arizona away from the gas giant. Use all and any means necessary.”

With a renewed sense of coordination and determination, the rebel fighters turned back to the enemy ship. All the fighters concentrated their fire on a single point on the shields which, while doing little damage to the ship, caused the Arizona to begin to fire back with sporadic beams from its phasers. The smaller, more nimble fighters weaved their way through and around the Arizona, before blasting away at full sub-light away from the planet.

On the bridge of the Arizona, Captain Beratas was in the midst of commanding the Imperial contingent of the battle, at this point being only the Arizona. He had been pushing Admiral Kritus for months to let him use the Arizona in combat, to at least set up a defense against any rebel ships, but so far all his proposals had been met with refusal. Now though, with the entire station's TIE complement destroyed and no help bound to arrive for hours potentially, was he allowed to use the magnetic induction power system he had installed over the past few days for the purpose he intended it for.

"Sir, the rebel ships are moving away from the station, and the phaser operators are reporting that they can no longer accurately aim the phasers while they are moving at that speed." reported an Imperial Lieutenant at the helm console at the front. "Shall I move off and return back to the station?"

"No!" quickly replied Beratas. "Set a pursuit course now! Best possible impulse speed!"

"Sir, if we move out of range of the planet-"

"Are you deaf Lieutenant?! I will not have my moment of engineering triumph stolen by a retreat! Do as I say, or I will have you sent to the bottom of the promotion list!" The lieutenant, fearful of his position, obeyed, setting the ship's impulse engines to maximum.

The Arizona's engine's flared in space, thrusting it forwards as it began to close the gap between it and the rebel fighters. Onboard, lights began to flicker on and off as the ship began to shake under the immense stress the hull was under without either inertial dampeners or structural integrity fields.

"Captain Beratas, this is Admiral Kritus. Back off from the rebel attack group and return to base."

"I've almost got them Admiral! Just give me a few more minutes."

"You're moving too far away from the gas giant to receive the necessary power! Withdraw back to base bef-"

Her voice was cut off as the Arizona suddenly lost all power. Lights turned off everywhere as the impulse engines flickered and died. Without power, the Arizona was left adrift and helpless as the rebel fighters swung around and ravaged the powerless starship.

Laser hit after hit slammed into the unshielded hull which, already very badly damaged from the Battle of Tatooine, finally gave way, causing massive hull breaches as explosions rocked the wreck. The copper coils along the rim of the saucer were ripped off, the cables connecting them to the ship's vital systems coming off with them as the Arizona left a trail of debris in its wake.

On the bridge, Beratas screamed in rage as the entire room was set alight. The consoles in front and behind him simultaneously exploded, sending their occupants and various chunks of shrapnel everywhere. A piece of shrapnel lodged itself in his hip, sending him stumbling

back into the captain's chair. Gripping to the chair, he felt the blood dribbling out of the wound in his side, and knew that he would face his death there and then. He closed his eyes, accepting his fate as a proton torpedo hit slammed into the bridge, destroying the entire room and killing him in an instant.

At this point, the saucer of the Arizona was nothing but a smouldering wreck. Where hull livery and shield emitters had once glazed the framework, now lay nothing but burnt metal and torn hull plating. Where rooms and corridors once patterned the various decks of the ship, now were replaced with utter carnage and inextinguishable flames. Where crew members and civilians alike had once stood, now nothing remained.

As the rebel fighters began to pull away, the Arizona suddenly began to explode. One of their stray shots had finally managed to detonate one of the ship's self-destruct packs, and suddenly, explosions began to consume the ship from top to bottom. Within moments, the bare bones of the ship blasted themselves apart, leaving nothing behind of the once proud Galaxy Class Venture Refit.

As Trent watched this from the window of his U-wing, he couldn't help but think of all the memories he had made on that ship. The launch ceremony over 8 years ago. The 3 year patrol of the Ivor sector. First contact with the Galactic Empire. All these events under his command, and all of these events he would never forget, and none would have happened without the Arizona. And as the fighters began to jump to hyperspace, he softly whispered, "Goodbye."

Aboard the SSD Arbitrator, Commander Maxus had just finished talking to 'Fleet Admiral Motti'. He was surprised that Motti was even still alive; the last time he had spoken to Vader, he had confirmed it was his intention to kill him within the next couple of days. So why was Motti still alive? Whatever the answer was, he knew he probably wasn't looking forward to it.

"Sir, the ship's guidance thrusters have come on by themselves." Reported an officer.
"They're not responding to commands, and they're taking the ship away from Midway base."

"Cut power to the system." ordered Maxus. The officer repeated the order to a man in the bridge trenches, before turning back to face Maxus.

"We can't cut power to the system. The hyperspace computer's also begun making calculations for a long distance course."

"Try killing the main reactor."

"The reactor won't shut down. And now it's cutting power to weapons and shields and redirecting it to the engines."

"Oh I'm afraid you had a right to be worrying about me, Commander." suddenly started Motti through the comms network, surprising everyone, including Maxus.

“How are you alive? Where’s Vader?”

“Vader, my friend, is taking a nap back on Midway. Although I wouldn’t try picking him up. He’s in a very bad mood.”

“But why have you taken over the ship? Surely if you wanted to punish us, you would only punish me?”

“Well, I can’t have the Dominion needlessly fight an extra Super Star Destroyer, so I’m giving it to someone else. Don’t worry, you’ll all be alive once they’re done with you, in a sense.”

“Motti, we can talk this over. We can make a deal. The crew of the Arbitrator for me and the ship.”

“Don’t think you can escape your fate, Commander. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some more business to attend to. Goodbye Commander.”

Aboard a Lambda Class shuttle, Motti watched as the Arbitrator entered hyperspace on its plotted course. No-one would know that he had ever implanted the virus on its computer; if anything, its disappearance would be blamed on faulty hyperspace equations. Not that anyone would have the time to think about what had happened to the Arbitrator after what he knew was to come.

The massive fleet of Romulan warbirds de-cloaked around Midway station, and began mercilessly pounding the station with plasma torpedoes and disruptor cannons. It had been a trick to send the fleet in a direction away from the starbase in order to lure away the imperial ships defending the base; they had even retuned their singularity cores so that they did not affect hyperdrives in order to make it seem credible. In the meantime, while star destroyers and cruisers had gone off in pursuit of the would-be fleet, the Romulan ships had re-positioned themselves around key portions of the drum-shaped space station. And now, with no ships in the area to stop them, they began their final attack.

Within moments, explosions began erupting all across the surface of Midway, as the station’s shield generators were blasted off the surface of the station and defense turrets were destroyed before they could even get off a shot at the attackers. As the Romulans continued to whittle away at the station bit by bit, insignificant TIE fighters were launched in a futile attempt to save the station. Before long, explosions boomed from deep within the station, as its fusion reactor destabilized and went into meltdown. As the Romulan fleet ceased their attack, they turned away from the station and activated their cloaking devices, concealing their escape from the dying station. Finally, with a brilliant flash of light, the station exploded, sending massive shockwaves and chunks of debris throughout the region.

Content that no-one could have survived the station’s destruction, Motti programmed his shuttle to take him to Empersia, the Dominion homeworld. He brought the shuttle around for the first jump and then, without hesitation, he engaged the hyperdrive. The shuttle briefly stood still, before seemingly hyper accelerating into the distance as it went to hyperspace.

However, after he left, another shuttle cleared the wreckage of the station. This shuttle, having barely escaped intact, was somewhat damaged, and visible scorch marks were visible across the hull. It turned towards the depths of space before awaiting it's hyperdrive to charge up.

Aboard the shuttle, Darth Vader sat in silence in the cockpit. Once again, the people of this universe had eluded his capture, and destroyed Imperial assets in the process. He knew the news would not go down well with his master; the amount of times he had failed was enough for anyone to make a mockery of him. One thing was sure in his mind though; he would hunt down this 'Motti' and destroy his people, even if it was the last thing he did.

"Status of enemy Star Destroyer?" requested Aldrin.

"Their port shield generator is completely destroyed, their sublight engines are damaged and I'm reading fluctuations in their power grid." answered Horan. "They're refocusing their shield coverage to cover their turbolasers and bridge module."

"Forward phaser array is back online sir, but the targeting computer's still on the fritz." reported Th'etonnor. "The most accurate range I can give you is about 100 clicks."

"Clean up the remaining TIEs above us and await further instructions." ordered Aldrin.

With a short buildup in it's dorsal phaser banks, the Sovereign fired several beams of phasers at several different TIE Defenders swarming above it. While the Defenders had shield generators, they were by no means a match for starship-based weaponry, and most were destroyed in one shot. The McCalls weaved through the explosions as they two destroyed several Defenders, putting their quad phaser cannons to good use as they cut through the Defenders.

Knowing that the situation above was now under control, Aldrin got up and walked over to Hawk's console at the front.

"Lieutenant, status of impulse engines?"

"She'll give you 1/4 impulse for now, but I can't reliably push them harder than that."

"Take us as close and as fast as you can to the Star Destroyer. Be sure to evade their shots. Th'etonnor, standby to fire."

The Sovereign lurched forwards, and began accelerating towards the lone Star Destroyer ahead of it. The Star Destroyer responded with a full barrage of turbolasers, but the Sovereign easily evaded the majority of the shots.

"We're closing in on the Star Destroyer sir." reported Hawk. "1000 metres away."

"Th'etonnor, wait until we're 100 metres away. On my mark, fire all weapons at their reactor dome."

“But Commander, why wait when we’re within range now?”

“We need to get rid of that thing as fast as we can, and destroying their reactor is the best way to do that. Hawk, as soon as I give the order, bring our ventral weapons to bare on the underside of the Star Destroyer.”

“Aye sir.”

The Sovereign continued hurtling itself at the Star Destroyer, picking up speed as the Star destroyer realised what was going on. In a futile attempt to escape, it pushed itself into full reverse, attempting to outrun the more agile Federation ship.

“100 metres!” announced Hawk.

“Now! Fire!”

With a mere push of a button, the Sovereign rolled onto its dorsal side, letting its ventral weapons face up as it ran underneath the Star Destroyer. In an instant, it fired a barrage of phasers and quantum torpedoes at the exposed reactor bulb on the Star Destroyer, cutting through the armour in that section and penetrating into the reactor area. The Star Destroyer, now crippled, was consumed by explosions as the Sovereign righted herself and accelerated away from the blast area, before finally exploding with tremendous force.

“All enemy ships destroyed!” triumphantly reported Th’etonnor, causing cheers to rise up across the bridge. Officers pat each other on the backs as some wept tears of joy that they had pulled themselves out of the desperate situation they had found themselves in. Aldrin, in her brief moment of victory, spread a big grin across her face, before hiding it as she realised the price of that victory. Everyone in the room soon realized this, and for a brief moment an undirected moment of silence quickly fell across the bridge.

“Can I have a casualty report?” asked Aldrin. In solemn silence, Th’etonnor nodded as he brought up the list of confirmed casualties.

“15 crewmembers are dead. 47 are injured. Both the USS Murray and the USS Yarra are badly damaged from enemy Kamikaze attacks, and the pilot of the Yarra is reporting moderate injuries.”

“Bring back in all the fighters and run Hyperspace scans.” ordered Aldrin. “I don’t want us to be caught off guard right now.”

“Aye sir.” replied Th’etonnor as he began co-ordinating the retrieval of all the ship’s fighters and runabouts. “Sir, the pilot of the rebel fighter wishes to confer with you.”

“I’ll meet him in the primary shuttlebay.” Aldrin got out of the command chair as she walked over to the turbolift. “You have the con Th’etonnor.”

Later on, Aldrin entered the primary shuttlebay at the back of the saucer just in time to see the ship’s final McCall Class fighter dock to the roof of the shuttlebay. It was an interesting

means of landing in the bay, but then that space was reserved for the ship's various worker bees and shuttlecraft, as well as extra space for any visiting shuttlecraft that the ship may encounter. As she strode through the bay, the rebel X-wing penetrated the exterior forcefield and came in for a landing at the centre of the bay.

The ship itself wasn't in all too bad shape. Aside from some minor scorch marks and dirty paint job, it appeared to be in a well-maintained state. The bold red stripes along the side of the hull stood in contrast to the white paneling that lined the rest of the craft, while the wings gave it a sense of aerodynamics and fighting prowess.

As it landed on the deck, steam hissed from the craft as it began to power down. The astromech atop the craft stated "It's showtime!", as the cockpit opened up to reveal the ship's pilot. Knowing what to expect from the design of the ship, several crew members brought up a ladder to help the pilot down.

"Welcome to the Sovereign, Mr...?" began Aldrin as she held out her hand to the pilot after he had clambered down the ladder.

"Antilles." answered the pilot as he shook her hand. "Lieutenant Wedge Antilles of the Alliance to restore the Republic."

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance Lieutenant." replied Aldrin. "Commander Miral Aldrin of the United Federation of Planets."

"I hate to be hasty at this moment, but we really must get this ship to the Ivor system as soon as possible." stated Wedge.

"But that's deep in controlled Imperial territory." rebutted Aldrin. "Why do we need to be there in a hurry anyway?"

"Because the Rebellion is evacuating to your universe."

"Why the hell do you need to move to our universe?" asked Aldrin. It was later on now, and they were in the Sovereign's ready room. Aldrin stood behind Captain Leres' desk while Wedge stood in front of her with his flight helmet in his arms.

"Our situation in our current universe is getting desperate, Commander." answered Wedge. "The empire has all but crushed us, and if we stayed behind, we would surely face destruction. We need the protection of your Federation."

"And so I'm just supposed to risk the lives of nearly 1000 people against whatever the Empire has at Ivor? We've already busted our ass to get to this point Lieutenant. I'll have you know that 15 people on this ship died so that we could have this conversation."

"And if we don't act now, then countless millions more will die!" Argued Wedge.

"Commander, I understand your concerns for your crew, but this is far bigger than you now. And besides, the rebellion has far more experience fighting the Empire than you do. We

know their strengths, their weaknesses, and denying us safe haven in your space will end in a death sentence for both of us. I beg you, implore you Commander, make the right choice here.”

Aldrin thought for a moment. She could turn the ship back to DS9 and let Wedge go back home, where he’d have to once again face off against immeasurable odds to even get past their end of the anomaly. Or, she could listen to him and take the ship to the Ivor system, knowing nothing of what the empire had there until they got close and without any large-scale support to back them up. Her fate was once again in her own hands.

“Alright then, we’ll head to the Ivor system.” Answered Aldrin, with a sigh of relief from Wedge. “But if at any point this ship comes under attack, I’m pulling the plug and we’re heading back.”

“Thank you Commander. You don’t know how much this means to us.”

Just as he turned to the door, he realised he had forgotten to tell her something.

“Oh, and there’s one more thing I need to tell you. Captain Trent is alive.”

Aldrin tensed up for a second, before relaxing. She had heard Trent was alive before, but it was relieving to hear it from an actual human being.

“Continue.” She requested.

“He’s being held at a secure facility deep in Imperial space. From our intelligence reports, he’s been forced to work on some sort of project there.”

“What sort of project?”

“This is going to take some explaining. Please do sit down.”

Aldrin sat down as did Wedge, as both settled in for what looked to be a long conversation.

“They call it Project Chimaera...”

Project Chimaera

Chapter 8: Project Chimaera

“It all began about 6 months ago, back after the Battle of Tatooine.” began Trent as he sat next to Rex and Wolffe. He had begun to explain the details of Project Chimaera to them, as they had only been given the briefest of introductions to their mission and what they had to do. “They started by interrogating me about transporter functions. What they were capable of. How they worked. And then they had me work on a series of encrypted mathematical equations.”

“Forgive me for asking, but how does maths relate to teleporters?” asked Rex.

“The transporters we use break a person down into a series of mathematical equations, which then get transferred to either another transporter console or isolated via a beam on the ground, where they are re-integrated and the person is ‘materialised’.” answered Trent. “Anyhow, the equations they had me working on had a heavy encryption lock on them. It was almost as if someone had created a challenge for them to overcome, and what the equations materialised into was some sort of reward.”

“And what was this reward?”

“I didn’t get the chance to get the name of who it was they were putting together again. I was always constantly moving around from lab to lab, and just when I had finished decrypting it and had begun identifying what the equation was, they locked me up again.”

“That was, until they moved you back to the Arizona.”

“You’re right. When they moved me to the Arizona, they had me reassemble all the equations into one large equation, ready for re-materialization. I had just finished working on the final complex part of it before you people rescued me.”

“And did you manage to get a visual of who it was from there?”

“As a matter of fact, I did.” Trent pulled out a stolen holo-projector from his back pocket, and then activated it. An image flared up of a blue-skinned man with red eyes, in an Imperial Navy uniform. His dark blue hair contrasted to his stark white uniform as his posture resembled a man with both intent and collectedness.

Rex’s eyes widened at the sight of him. The man’s face was one he had been hoping to never see again. Now though, it appeared that the Empire had come close to bringing back one of his greatest nemeses.

“I was going to access the station’s database in order to fully identify him. Are you ok Captain?”

“I’m fine.” replied Rex. “it’s just that I never thought I would see him again.”

“Who is he?”

“His name is Grand Admiral Thrawn.” began Rex. “He was the empire’s greatest stratician, and one of the only non-human officers in the Empire. He crushed insurgency after insurgency within the Empire, rising up until he tried to take on us. We lost nearly everything to his schemes before we managed to get rid of him.”

“How did you stop him?”

“A friend of mine, Ezra, managed to summon a pod of Purgills to attack his fleet and buy us enough time to escape. The Purgills then went into hyperspace, and neither of them have been seen since.”

“I see. Has the Empire been giving you any trouble recently?”

“It’s been getting harder and harder to continue fighting Darius. The empire’s been cracking down on us big time, and we just can’t get the necessary resources to fight anymore. Our fleet is barely holding together, and while we do have many ships now that we have the full support of the Mon Calamari, we don’t have enough manpower or resources to power them.”

“Captain, we’re approaching the rendezvous point.” announced the ship’s pilot as their U-wing began to slow out of hyperspace.

“Understood. Once we’re out of hyperspace, bring us into Home One.”

The U-wing and it’s counterparts slowed out of Hyperspace until it dropped out in front of a massive rebel fleet. Amongst the fleet were hundreds of hundreds of starfighters and cruisers, all based around 3 massive Mon Calamari cruisers.

“How many ships are there in this fleet?” asked Trent, awestruck at the large scale of the rebel fleet, expecting something much smaller from an organization which claimed to have less.

“We’ve got up to 200 ships here. But most of them are unarmed frigates and transports, and some are so badly damaged that they’re not crewed at the moment. Our fighter count mounts currently at around 400, although I believe we’re going to take severe losses in the coming battle.”

The U-wing they were in approached the hangar bay of one of the three large Mon Calamari cruisers present. As it folded it’s wing’s forwards, it gradually slowed itself down until it came to a complete stop within the hangar bay. The X-wings and Y-wings which were escorting it then quickly veered off to go to seperate ships in order to refuel and recuperate. As the U-wing extended it’s landing gear to the ground, it landed with a soft thud, as systems aboard the U-wing began to power down.

“Welcome aboard Home One Darius.” welcomed Rex as Trent stepped out of the U-wing. All around him, flight crews were at work shifting around supplies and landing and launching fighters from the bay, leaving him awestruck at the scale of the operation. “She’s the flagship of the fleet.”

Noticing Trent was distracted at the amount of things going on, Rex put his hand on Trent's shoulder. "Come on. There's someone I need you to meet."

"Greeting, Captain Trent." greeted Mon Mothma. "I'm Chancellor Mothma, the leader of the Rebel Alliance."

"It's an honour to meet you Chancellor," replied Trent as he looked around the large briefing room he now found himself in, bustling with people and pilots, "although I must ask what the hell is going on."

"I'm about to conduct a briefing to the fleet from here." answered Mothma. "You can stay here and listen."

"Of course Chancellor. I'll find a seat."

Trent sat behind Mothma as she got up before the crowds of people who now began to enter the room. Fighter pilots, workers, crew members and officers alike all walked in, some with tired looks on their face, others with an intense determination in their eyes.

As the doors into the room closed, Mothma finally spoke up.

"My fellow rebels, the time has come for our final action in this universe." began Mothma. "As most of you are aware, almost a year ago, an anomaly opened up over Tatooine, and it confirmed the existence of alternative universes beyond our own. The presence of Captain Trent from their universe should dissuade your current suspicions."

Gesturing to Trent, Trent looked up around the room as the entire room focused their attention to him.

"The data brought to us by the Bothan spies gives us the exact strength of the forces that the Empire has at both Tatooine and on the other side. From this, we know that there is a relatively small force over Tatooine defending our half of the anomaly, but on the other side, there are many, many more Star Destroyers, all of various classes. But with the Imperial fleet hunting us down day by day, we are now forced to commit everything we have to this assault. If we succeed in escaping to the other side, we will have a far greater chance of overthrowing the empire than we ever will here."

A rush of chatter erupted from the crowd, as people began to debate their chances of success and what they could do about it.

"Many Bothans died to bring us this information." hushed Mothma. "Admiral Ackbar, please."

A humanoid-amphibious creature stepped forwards, bringing up a display of the planet Tatooine and the Ivor exit point.

"We have approximately 4 hours before the Imperial fleet catches up to us here at Sullust. This combined with the fact that it will take us over a day to get to Tatooine, we will be

leaving with all the ships which we have now. I know that some of you may know people who are on transport ships that are still on their way here, but unless they arrive here in the next 2 hours, they will be left behind.”

He focused back onto the display, as murmurs began to rise from the crowd.

“If you look here, you will see the desert planet of Tatooine, and the anomaly which resides in synchronous orbit with the planet. While the Empire does have several space stations close to the anomaly and an imperial garrison on the planet, there are only 3 Star Destroyers defending the anomaly. With this, we will charge through them and overwhelm them with our sheer strength in numbers. After we go through the anomaly, we will immediately attempt to go to hyperspace, by which we should have cover fire from whatever help Lieutenant Antilles has managed to muster.”

“And what if he wasn’t able to get any help?” asked a rebel crewmember. The room fell deadly silent as everyone realised that their plan could fail out of random chance that Wedge didn’t make it.

“Then we shall fight to the last and make sure that the rebellion survives to defeat the Empire.” answered Ackbar. “Now, report to your assigned stations and await to jump to hyperspace. Dismissed.”

Acting Captain’s log, Stardate 58226.17. The Sovereign is now headed to Ivor at best possible speed. I’ve notified Starfleet Command of the situation, and they have sent me information and material which I am now required to brief to my senior staff.

“I’d like to start this meeting by confirming that I will be the Acting Captain of the Sovereign for the remainder of this mission.” began Aldrin as soon as everyone had settled down in the ship’s observation lounge. “Starfleet Command has given me a field promotion to Captain in the absence of Captain Leres, and I expect that I will be treated with the same amount of respect you would give Captain Trent or Leres. Is that understood?”

Everyone in the room silently nodded, cuing Aldrin to continue.

“Now, I’ve explained our situation to Starfleet Command. They have reported to us that they will attempt to send reinforcements to us as soon as possible, but for now, we will have to go it alone.”

“Aren’t there other ships in the area that could assist us in defending the rebel fleet when they come out?” asked Hawk.

“They’re all too busy defending their own sectors and planets to help us. They may be able to route us Defense 1, but they’re repelling an invasion of Aurelia at the moment.”

“Hang on, what’s Defense 1?” asked Wedge.

“It’s a small fleet of first strike vessels which was set up as a fast-response fleet to Imperial incursions.” Answered Th’etonnor. “It’s composed of 7 Vesta Class ships and the USS

Discovery, the fastest ships in the fleet.”

“Getting back on track,” Continued Aldrin, “Deep Space Nine has reported a loss of contact with the Enterprise. As no communications have been established with the Dominion, it is therefore likely to assume that the Enterprise is now lost in the Gamma Quadrant, for an unknown reason. And because of the war, we can’t spare any ships to find her.”

“So we’re genuinely on our own now.” figured Hawk. “Well, at least we can go down in flames.”

“That may not happen Lieutenant.” rebutted Aldrin. “Starfleet’s also received news that not only have the Romulans managed to eliminate the Imperial strike groups within their space, but they’ve also destroyed the main Imperial Starbase in our Galaxy. The Imperial fleet is in chaos at the moment, and that would have given us a good shot at helping the rebel fleet. However, Commander T’pon made a recent discovery which I feel he is more suited to discuss.”

“In the battle with the Star Destroyer to rescue Lieutenant Antilles, we suffered damage to our Warp Nacelles, and as a result the warp coils are out of alignment.” explained T’pon. “As a result, we are now restricted to warp 6 until we can get to a Starbase for Warp Coil realignment.”

“But that means that we’ll reach the Ivor system in over 2 months, and by then it’ll be far too late for us to do anything that’ll save the war.” realised Hawk.

“Exactly Lieutenant. As you humans would put it, the situation is dire.”

“Does anyone have any solutions to this issue?” asked Aldrin.

“We could try and form a quantum slipstream using technology we have on the ship.” proposed Horan.

“While that proposal does have merit, this ship is not designed to go into a Quantum Slipstream, and the phase variance may knock us out of slipstream enroute and destroy us.” Rebutted T’pon.

“What about if we find a Borg Transwarp Conduit?” suggested Hawk.

“That would be good, if we could find one.” argued Horan.

“Warning: unknown vessels in hyperspace are within 2 light years of the Sovereign.” blared the computer. *“All command personnel to the bridge immediately.”*

The sudden announcement caught everyone off guard as everyone rushed in unison to the doors. Within moments, the entire room was cleared, leaving no one left.

“Report!” ordered Aldrin as she walked onto the bridge.

“They’re coming in hot ma’am. ETA in 1 minute.” reported the conn officer as he stood up to let Aldrin sit down.

“Take us to Red Alert! Prepare to launch all auxiliary craft!”

The Red Alert siren blared in the background as the lighting scheme changed from white to flashing red. Computer consoles around the room and across the ship changed from a blue-white colour scheme to a red-white colour scheme, as various computer warnings began erupting across the ship.

“What’s our defensive capabilities as they stand now?” requested Aldrin.

“Shields are at 84% capacity.” answered Th’etonnor. “We still have full phaser and torpedo capability. The USS Yarra is still unable to launch, as it is still undergoing repairs, and fighters Leslie and Morrows are still being reloaded.”

“Hail the unknown fleet.” ordered Aldrin. Th’etonnor nodded and pretty quickly the comms sound came on signifying that she was on.

“This is Acting Captain Miral Aldrin of the USS Sovereign, to the unidentified fleet approaching us. You will cease approaching us or we will open fire. Do not think that we won’t defend ourselves.”

“No response.” reported Th’etonnor.

“Sir!” exclaimed Hawk as she saw what appeared on the viewscreen before them. Aldrin looked up and gasped at the awe-striking sight which now lay before her.

“It can’t be...”

Flight of the Rebellion

Chapter 9: Flight of the Rebellion

Engagement 9: Flight of the Rebellion

Alliance to Restore the Republic/United Federation of Planets

Class: MC80 Liberty

Ships present: 12

Known ships: Liberty, Courageous

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 48 Turbolasers, 20 ion cannons

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 60 X-wing fighters, 24 B-wing bombers, 36 Y-wing bombers

Class: MC80 Home one

Ships present: 3

Known ships: Home one, Independence, Nautilian

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 48 Turbolasers, 20 ion cannons

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral, Aft

Auxiliary craft: 60 X-wing fighters, 60 Y-wing bombers

Galactic Empire

Class: Imperial 2

Ships present: 100

Known ships: ISD Vigilance

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Class: Arquitens

Ships present: 10

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 12 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 4 missile launchers, 100 concussion missiles

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Class: GR-75

Ships present: 50

Known ships: Luminous, Heroine's Father

Maximum combat speed: 650 KPH

Armament: 4 laser cannons

Weapons firing arcs: Forward

Auxiliary craft:

Class: EF76 Nebulon-B

Ships present: 20

Known ships: Redemption

Maximum combat speed: 650 KPH

Armament: 12 turbolasers, 12 laser cannons, 2 torpedo launchers, proton torpedoes, concussion missiles

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 12 A-Wing fighters

Class: CR90

Ships present: 20

Known ships:

Maximum combat speed: 81 MGLT

Armament: 6 turbolasers

Auxiliary craft: 30 TIE fighters

Class: Gozanti

Ships present: 20

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 1 Twin laser turret, 1 heavy laser cannon

Weapons layout: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 TIE fighters

Class: Interdictor

Ships present: 20

Known ships:

Maximum combat speed: 975 KPH

Armament: 4 Gravity well projectors, 20 Turbolasers

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal

Auxiliary craft: 24 TIE fighters

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft:

Class: Crossfield Refit

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Discovery

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6 (Without Spore
Drive)

Armament: 10 Type XII Phaser banks, 4 torpedo
launchers, 100 Photon Torpedoes, 100 Quantum
Torpedoes, 10 Transphasic Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 Shuttlecraft

Class: Vesta

Ships present: 7

Known ships: USS Aventine, USS Capitoline, USS
Esquiline, USS Hypatia, USS Quirinal, USS Vesta

Maximum combat speed: Quantum slipstream
(equivalent warp 9.999997359835618)

Armament: 9 Type XII Phaser banks, 2 Pulse Phaser
cannons, 3 torpedo launchers, 175 Photon Torpedoes,
200 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 6 shuttlecraft, 4 shuttle pods

In orbit of Tatooine, it was business as usual for the Imperial forces stationed there. A few standard patrols consisting of an assorted number of Arquintens and Gozantis made their way around the planet, with ships patrolling the entire system as they scoured for any incoming ships. None of them were aware of the hell that was about to be unleashed upon them.

Without warning, over 100 rebel ships dropped out of Hyperspace at key points close to the patrols. In mere moments, the patrols came under fire as laser and proton torpedo hits slammed into their unshielded hulls, ripping several ships apart in seconds. Caught completely off guard by the attack, the meagre Gozantis and Arquintens stood no match for the sudden and swift rebel forces.

“Phase one is complete.” Announced a Mon Calamari officer on the bridge of Home One.
“There are no more signs of Imperial patrols in the area.”

“Begin phase 2 of the operation.” ordered Admiral Ackbar as he swiveled over to the bridge window on his command chair. “This is Admiral Ackbar to all available combat ships. Head through the anomaly and attack any Imperial ships on the other side. The Nautillan and her squadron will defend all the unarmed transports on this side until we have cleared a path for you.”

As Ackbar finished his transmission, Captain Trent, who had been watching the entire thing from the back of the room, walked up to Ackbar and spoke to him.

“I don’t like the looks of this.” he stated as he turned to face Ackbar. “That was far too easy.”

“It may look that way, but we had little intel on this sector before our scouts came in earlier.” replied Ackbar.

“I would also leave behind the Independence and the Courageous, just to be safe.” suggested Trent.

“Very well then.” relented Ackbar. “Comm, signal the Independence and the Courageous to stay behind as well. All Squadrons report in.”

“This is Red Leader, standing by.” Came a voice through the speakers as more followed in order.

“This is Gold Leader, standing by.”

“Blue Leader reporting.”

“Phoenix Squadron standing by.”

“Yellow Squadron on station.”

“Corona Squadron, ready.”

“Gray Squadron reporting in.”

“This is Green Squadron, standing by.”

“All squadrons, escort your assigned vessels and enter the anomaly.” ordered Ackbar. Separately, Ackbar turned around to his helm officer. “Take us through the anomaly, best possible speed.”

“Aye sir.” replied the officer as the ship lurched forwards into the anomaly.

“Any words of warning or advice before we enter your universe, Captain Trent?”

“You may find that we do things a bit differently where I’m from.” replied Trent as the window flashed white as they crossed universes...only to end up in a hell storm.

The Home One was barraged by laser fire as enemy TIE fighters swarmed the ship. As X-Wings and anti-fighter cannons moved to intercept the attackers, it became clear that they would not be facing off against a meager group of patrols here.

“It appears you were right Captain.” stated Ackbar as the ship rocked from a turbolaser hit. “We should have expected more than those patrols.”

“Well, there’s nothing we can do about it now.” remarked Trent, grabbing a nearby console as the ship rocked from another hit. “Almost 60% of the fleet has made their way through the anomaly.”

“Admiral, shields are at 80%!” remarked an officer.

“Prepare to jump to hyperspace!”

“Sir, I’m picking up interdiction fields in the area. At least 20 Interdictor cruisers are present.”

“Have all fighters take on the TIE fighters.” Barked Ackbar. “Get the larger ships to engage the Star Destroyers.”

“Try targeting their shield generators.” suggested Trent. “Without them there’s nothing protecting them but their armour. Then we could have bombers hit their reactors.”

“That’s a bold plan, but there’s no way we can hit something like their shield generators from this distance. To do that we’d have to be exchanging broadsides with them, and there’s no way that we can stand up to their firepower for that long.”

“Maybe if you go around the sides, but have you ever thought of going underneath it where they have no weapons?”

“My goodness, why hadn’t we thought of this before?!” exclaimed Ackbar. “Helm, take us underneath the closest Star Destroyer to our position.”

The Home One made a heavy turn to it’s starboard as it came to bear on the Star Destroyer closest to it. It’s rear engines flared brilliantly into the blackness of space as they helmed the

nose of the ship downwards. The Star Destroyer's turrets followed the ship as far as they could, before locking out, leaving the Home One unscathed as it continued underneath.

All the weapons on Home One pointed upwards as they tracked the Star Destroyer. Hit after hit slammed into the Star Destroyer's shields, before the Home one pulled out from behind the doomed ship, giving it a perfect vantage point of the dual shield emitters on the bridge. With two precise turbolaser shots, both were destroyed, leaving a squadron of Y-Wings an open chance at the ship.

As the Y-wings strafed the ship with Ion Torpedoes, cheers rose up from the bridge. The ship coursed with electricity as the ionic energy flowing through the ship's power conduits overloaded the power system. Lights across the ship flickered on and off as it drifted forwards without power to sustain itself.

"1 down, less than 100 more to go." commented Ackbar. "Have all our ships repeat our tactics and order all available squadrons to protect the bombers."

"Yes sir." replied an officer. "Sir, I'm detecting an energy signature directly in front of us. It's massive!"

Without warning, a ship dropped in front of the Home One out of thin air. Following it, 7 tunnels opened up, and out of those tunnels came a ship each.

"Looks like Starfleet brought their A game." commented Trent.

"Sir, the ship closest to us is hailing us." announced an officer.

"Put them on screen." ordered Ackbar. On the viewscreen appeared another alien face, one unfamiliar to the rebel crew but all too familiar to Trent.

"This is Captain Saru of the USS Discovery, to the rebel fleet. We have come to aid you in your escape. Please respond."

"Captain Saru, this is Admiral Ackbar of the rebellion. You don't know how timely your arrival was."

"I would wish to discuss further with you, but we've got a job to do. Are your forces capable of escaping now?"

"There are nearly 2 dozen interdicator vessels currently preventing our ships from going into hyperspace. They must be destroyed before we can go to hyperspace."

"We'll do what we can to get rid of them. In the meantime we will take some of your evacuating craft with us to the closest Federation system while we destroy the interdictors. Saru out."

"This is Captain Saru to all ships. The Vesta, Capitoline and Hypatia are to take rebel craft into Quantum slipstream to Deep Space 5. All other ships are to attack the Interdictor cruisers

present so that the remaining rebel ships can escape.”

Saru then turned his command chair to face Lieutenant Rhys, who was standing at tactical.

“Lieutenant Rhys, target the nearest Interdictor ship.”

“Target sighted. Phasers and Quantum torpedoes are locked on.” replied Rhys.

“Fire at will.”

The Discovery swung around to face it’s target as the battle raged around it. Phaser beams erupted from it’s new phaser emitters as the entire ship completed it’s turn. The Interdictor in return fired a barrage of turbolasers at the Discovery, to which it responded by jumping out of the way using it’s spore drive.

As it reappeared behind the interdictor, it unleashed a spread of Quantum Torpedoes at the unaware interdictor. The torpedoes slammed into the ship, taking down the shields with ease and ripping into the hull. As the interdictor drifted away, disabled, the gravity generators aboard it overloaded, causing the ship to begin imploding on itself.

“Sir, one of the rebel evacuation ships is under heavy fire.” reported Bryce. “They’re sending out a distress call.”

“Onscreen.” Ordered Saru.

“This is the Heroine’s Father. Our shields are on the brink of collapse and our escorts have been destroyed. We are an unarmed transport ship. Please, Starfleet, fellow rebels, anyone save us!”

“Sir, message from Home One.”

“Put it through.” the voice of Admiral Ackbar once again filled the room.

“USS Discovery, you must protect the Heroine’s Father at all costs! That ship has equipment aboard it that is vital to the operation of the Rebellion. If it is lost, then the rebellion will not survive for long.”

“Have the Esquelline and the Aventine cover the Heroine’s Father. Continue targeting the interdictor vessels.”

As the Discovery moved away to continue it’s attack, the Aventine and Esquelline broke off from the remaining Vesta fleet to engage the ships attacking the Heroine’s Father. Their relatively large space frames swung around with ease as they turned to face their target.

Aboard the Aventine, Captain Ezri Dax gripped her chair as the ship’s inertial dampers compensated for the sudden change in direction.

“Report on the Heroine’s Father.” she ordered as a stray turbolaser hit lightly shook the ship.

“She’s under heavy fire sir.” replied an officer. “There’s at least 7 Star Destroyers going after her. She’s evading pretty well, but I don’t know how long they’ll be able to last.”

“Coordinate with the Esquelline to target those Star Destroyers. Use quantum torpedoes and phaser cannons.”

“We have target locks Captain.”

“Fire!”

A fury of phaser pulses and Quantum torpedoes emanated from both the Aventine and the Esquelline, streaking out towards the ever aggressive Star Destroyers. The Heroine’s Father made a quick escape as the projectiles met their targets, destroying the shield emitters before focusing on other areas. Projectile after projectile slammed into the Star Destroyers, with 2 left adrift as the remaining battered and damaged ones returned fire. Their turbolasers streaked past the two Vesta class ships as they continued to press their assault, inflicting massive amounts of damage on the Star Destroyers.

“Sir, I’m picking up a massive energy build up within one of those ships.”

“Is it a reactor overload?”

“No, it isn’t. It appears to be directed towards their engines.” Dax figured out what was about to happen before anyone could say anything.

“They’re about to engage their hyperdrive in a suicide maneuver. Evasive pattern, now!”

“Too late!”

The Star Destroyer engaged it’s hyperdrive, slamming into the Esquelline and crushing the much smaller ship against the Star Destroyer’s now uncontrollable hull. Fragments of debris from the collision flew around everywhere, and while some hit Imperial ships, others slammed into both rebel and Federation ships. A piece of debris sheared right through the Discovery’s outer saucer ring, interrupting the ship as it was in the midst of a spore drive build up and causing mass havoc across the battlefield.

Aboard the Aventine, smoke poured out of damaged consoles as Captain Dax finally managed to get to grips with her situation.

“Report!” she cried to anyone who could listen.

“Shields have failed, we have hull breaches on decks 4 through 18 and our phasers are offline.”

“What about the rest of the fleet?”

“Multiple ships disabled, both hostile and friendly. The Rebel flagship’s in pretty bad shape and the Discovery’s lost it’s spore drive.”

A console next to the officer suddenly went off as it detected a hyperspace signature.

“Sir, we’re picking up multiple ships about to come out of hyperspace.”

“Wonderful. Looks like our Imperial friends managed to get reinforcements here. How many ships?”

“From the looks of it, there appears to be at least 100 vessels. But most of the ships don’t match the size of an Imperial Star Destroyer. They bear a striking similarity in size to... Jem’Hadar attack ships.”

“What?” was all Dax was able to get out before the incoming ships dropped out of hyperspace.

Reinforcements

Dominion/United Federation of Planets

Class: Jem’Hadar Attack Ship

Ships present: 110

Known ships:

Maximum combat speed: 9.6

Armament: 3 Phased Polaron Emitters, 1 Torpedo Launcher, 100 Photon torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft:

Class: Jem’Hadar Battleship

Ships present: 1

Known ships:

Maximum combat speed: Warp 9.925

Galactic Empire

Class: Imperial 2

Ships present: 47

Known ships: ISD Vigilance

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Armament: 2 Heavy Phased Polaron Pulse Cannons, 38
Phased Polaron Emitters, 9 torpedo launchers, 1000
Photon Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 6 shuttlecraft, 4 shuttle pods

Class: Sovereign

Ships present: 2

Known ships: USS Sovereign, USS Enterprise

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.985

Armament: 14 Type XII Phaser banks, 5 torpedo
launchers, 250 photon torpedoes, 250 quantum
torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 shuttlecraft, 2 Danube Class
Runabouts, 6 McCall Class Fighters, Millenium Falcon

“Dropping out of hyperspace now Commander.” announced Hawk. “Sensors register at least 5 dozen Star Destroyers in the vicinity.”

“Coordinate our attack with the Jem’Hadar.” ordered Aldrin as she sat back down in the command chair. “Let’s show these bastards how the Gamma Quadrant plays.”

The Sovereign was surrounded by it’s Jem’hadar escorts as it engaged the closest Star Destroyer. Phased Polaron beams came pouring out of the Attack ships as they phased past the shields of the Star Destroyer, causing damage to the ship as it succumbed to the attack. The Sovereign continued to fire on various targets around it as the Jem’Hadar ships all broke off to continue attacks on other vessels.

“We’re receiving a hail from the Rebel Flagship. They’re also hailing the Enterprise.”

“Onscreen.” what followed was a face she never expected to see again.

“Greetings Admiral Picard and... Miral?”

“Darius?”

“Oh my god it’s you!” Exclaimed Trent as he held down his excitement. “What are you doing aboard the Sovereign? Where’s Captain Leres?”

“I could ask you the same questions but differently.”

“I appreciate the little reunion between you two, but now is not the time for this.” Interrupted Picard. “Captain Trent, what do you need us to do?”

“Right. Well, there’s a little over a dozen Interdictor vessels preventing us from leaving here and now. Once we destroy them, we can get out of here before actual imperial reinforcements start to arrive.”

“I would also request that you protect the transport Heroine’s Father as best as you can.” Added Ackbar. “It is imperative that that transport remains undamaged. It is carrying cargo vital to the Rebellion.”

“We can take it within our shields, Admiral. I’ll have the Jem’Hadar ships take care of the interdictor vessels. In the meantime please prepare to beat a hasty retreat.”

“Understood Enterprise. Home one out.”

The Jem'Hadar ships pressed their attacks on the interdictor vessels, heavily hitting the gravity well generators in an attempt to cause them to overload and crush the ships like tin cans. Across the battlefield, Interdictors began to crush themselves into oblivion as their interdiction wells overloaded under fire. It was clear that the Jem’hadar weren’t just beating the Imperial ships, they were crushing them, both figuratively and literally.

As the last Interdictor vessel went up in a ball of fire, all the rebel ships present suddenly all turned to face one direction away from the battlefield. Then, in rapid succession, they all jumped to Hyperspace, being sure to not hit any Imperial ships as they successfully completed their evacuation. Moments later, the Vesta class ships all went into Quantum Slipstream, and the Jem’Hadar ships jumped to hyperspace, leaving the Discovery, Enterprise and Sovereign behind. The Enterprise stayed behind to lock a tractor beam on the Discovery, before the trio jumped to hyperspace as well, leaving the battered Imperial forces alone once again.

The End?

Chapter 10: The End?

“...and that, Admirals, is my report of my captivity under the Empire.” Finished Trent as Admirals Ross and McArthur looked down at their PADDs with interest. Next to their holographic projections stood Admiral Picard, in real flesh and blood, also studying his own PADD with curiosity.

“Interesting.” Commented Ross. *“You say that you were forced to work on a ‘Project Chimaera’ where the Empire was attempting to resurrect a former leading Admiral of theirs. Could you provide any more detail on this?”*

“It should all be in my report, but from what I was given, this ‘Grand Admiral Thrawn’ had some sort of contingency plan in the case of his death where he would be revived via cloning technology. However, when they found the clone, it’s maturation tube had been damaged, and they were unable to revive the body.”

“Until they got their hands on the Arizona.”

“Exactly Admiral. When they got their hands on transporter technology, they moved quickly to try and put it to use. And while Imperial and Federation power systems are incompatible, they did have the Arizona and it’s saucer reactors.”

“So they took the data from the cloning chamber and had you re-interpret it into a transporter pattern.”

“Yes.”

“Why did you follow along with this plan?”

“I never intended on Admiral. I planted hidden codes within the pattern that would automatically self-destruct the transporter once it had been energised. And while that never occurred, as you are well aware of now by other reports, the Arizona has now been fully destroyed. There’s no way that they’ll be able to revive him now.”

“Very well then.” Continued Ross. *“Now Captain Trent, we’ve had Captains who’ve come back with major trauma after experiences with captivity and prisoner of war camps. But for some reason, you appear to be of completely sound mind after your experiences. Is there any reason you could think of that could have led to this?”*

“I don’t know really. I guess either Imperial torture methods are ineffective on us, or I may have had the mental fortitude to resist them.”

“Very well then. You’ve been cleared for full duty. Now why don’t you get some rest there on DS9? I hear Quark’s running a special on the holosuites there.”

“Thank you Admiral, but with all due respect, I’d rather sleep on a bed for the first time in three months.”

“Very well then. Suit yourself.” Replied Ross with a slight chuckle in his voice. *“Starfleet Command out.”*

The holograms of Ross and McArthur quickly faded from view as Trent and Picard were left alone in the Enterprise’s ready room.

“I must say, this is a very thorough report Captain Trent.” Remarked Picard. “Day-by-day accounts on what happened to you and how. Even I didn’t include this sort of information.”

“Well, I guess I was just silently counting down the days until I was rescued.” Jokingly replied Trent. “Actually, I’ve been meaning to ask you something.”

Picard looked up from his PADD. “Why of course go ahead.”

“How did you end up with over 100 Jem’hadar attack ships back at Ivor?”

“It’s a bit of a long story,” Began Picard as he sat down in his office chair, “but to summarise it, the Enterprise was sent to try and establish contact with the Dominion not too long before your rescue. While we were there, we not only discovered that the Dominion had spies within the Empire, but they also had stolen hyperdrive technology from the Empire as well. We then rendezvous with the founders, and once we got word through their spy network that the Rebellion was going to evacuate, they wasted no time sending us on our way with a small fleet of hyperdrive-equipped ships.”

“But how did you fit a hyperdrive on a Federation ship? The last I heard the Utopia Planitia engineers couldn’t make heads or tails of it.”

“It actually doesn’t require a hyperdrive at all. All you have to do is remove the limiter on the impulse engines and create a self-sealing subspace tear in front of the vessel and you’ll be able to make it into hyperspace.”

“And can I assume that the Sovereign was the ship sent to meet the rebel pilot?”

“You are correct in your assumption Captain. Speaking of which, I have an offer to make to you.”

“Oh no you’re not going to.” replied Trent as he realised where this was going.

“I’m not going to order you to take up another command, especially after all you’ve been through recently,” Explained Picard, “but we need experienced captains out there on the frontlines at this very moment, and you’re one of our most experienced captains when it comes to fighting the Empire.”

“It’s not that necessarily.” Rebutted Trent. “It’s that she deserves that ship more than me Admiral. She’s worked her backside off for years to get a command, and quite frankly I don’t think I’m suited to take command of Sovereign Class ships.”

“I actually did offer her command of the ship before our meeting, but she herself turned it down, and requested to remain first officer and be returned to Commander. She also asked that I ask you after her. So what is your decision now?”

Trent thought long and hard at what was being offered to him here. He could seemingly get away with losing the Arizona and move on to a new command very quickly. He could even remain with his old crew. However, a thought lingered in the back of his head; was he even meant to take another command after the Arizona? Should he rob a promising officer of her chance to ascend through the ranks, or let her go and never see her again as equals. While he wasn't sure of what the future could bring if he answered either way, he was content with his answer as he replied.

“Alright then. I'll take command of the Sovereign.”

Aboard the Heroine's Father, Admiral Ackbar walked into the ship's medical room as multiple rebel professionals crowded a Bacta tube in interest. The ship had been docked to Deep Space 9 for quite some time now, recuperating from its battle wounds before it would accompany Home One and the rest of the rebel fleet to Earth, where they would then confer with the Federation president over the future of the Rebellion and its infrastructure. Right now though, repairs were still yet to be completed across the fleet, but it was only a matter of time before they could get underway again.

A man walked up to Admiral Ackbar, with a 'borrowed' Starfleet tricorder he intended on returning as soon as he was done with it.

“Admiral Ackbar.” he greeted as he held out his hand in friendship. “Captain Kas Mekan of the Heroine's Father.”

“A pleasure to make your acquaintance Mr Mekan.” replied Ackbar. “Now you can tell me what in god's name this is.”

“Ah yes, let me just try and clear the room quickly.” He gestured everyone to get out of the room, and at once, the room cleared out, leaving him and Ackbar alone.

“Our cell was preparing to evacuate from our base when we received word that an Imperial Royal Transport was about to drop into our system for a quick repair to its hyperdrive. Naturally thinking it was a chance to take the emperor or someone close to him hostage, we launched an assault as we were evacuating. We managed to board the craft and that's when we found him.”

He gestured to the Bacta tank, which now that the room was uncrowded Ackbar was able to see better. In it was a boy, probably no older than 15, naked save for a set of underwear. A chill ran down his spine as he realised it bore a likeness to the Emperor himself.

“Is it a clone? Some sort of transporter trick by the Federation to test us?”

“Well from what we can tell, it is a clone of the Emperor himself. According to this thing here, his body matches that of the Emperor’s all the way down to the RNA structures.”

“So what’s he doing in a Bacta tank? Has he not fully matured?”

“We think that this clone is faulty. Even though this thing has a setting to detect Midichlorians for some reason, it can’t detect any Midichlorians in his body. It’s likely that he was being sent elsewhere for some sort of treatment when we intercepted him mid-route.”

“I see.” Remarked Ackbar as he studied the readings on the tricorder. “Send the data to Home one and wipe the tricorder once you’re done with it.”

“Yes, but Admiral, what do you intend to do with the boy?”

“Keep knowledge of his existence from Starfleet and the Federation for the moment being. We’ll tell them when it’s necessary.”

“Sir, you’re not considering lying to these people who rescued us?”

“We have no choice Captain. If they find out that we have the boy, they’ll consider us a potential liability. After all, the boy may not have Midichlorians, but he has the wit and evil of Palpatine. Keep him on your ship for now. Is that understood?”

“...Yes Admiral.”

Ackbar walked out of the room and left Mekan alone in the room. Moments later, a girl, probably of similar age to the clone, walked in, wearing a civilian outfit.

“Is he going to stay Father?”

“For the time being darling. For the time being.”

Inside a turbolift aboard the Sovereign, Captain Trent leaned back against the wall as he thought to himself. It was the first time aboard the ship, and his old command crew couldn't seem to leave him alone. Everyone had seemed to want to see him again, and he had returned their affection with care. Hugs and handshakes had been exchanged at the airlock door only moments ago, and he had to practically fight his way out in order to even get to the next corridor. He promised that they'd all get together for something bigger once the Sovereign was underway the next day, before he had gotten into the turbolift alone to gather his thoughts.

He had seen pretty much everyone at the airlock door. Horan and Hawk had been the first to greet him, filled with energy as they saw their good friend again, whereas the more professional Th’etonnor and T’pon offered little more than a hello and a perfunctory handshake. Even Dolovain had shown up, admittedly very happy to see him. The only person who wasn’t there was Aldrin, who Hawk had said was busy at that moment with filing a report. He looked forward to being able to see her again at some point as the doors finally opened up to his destination; deck 3.

He strode out of the turbolift and studied the look of the corridors for the first time since he had come aboard. They were coloured similarly to the Arizona's, but they seemed less boxy, and looked a lot more militaristic. He reminded himself that the Sovereign wasn't developed in a time when Starfleet necessarily cared about families on it's ships; back when it was being built, Starfleet was more focused on the Borg and Dominion threats. Even though the Arizona was launched around the same time as the Sovereign, it retained the family-friendly theme, as the spaceframe had been designed with this layout in mind. Regardless of this, he felt that he could get used to the more aggressive style of this ship as he walked into his quarters to a surprise.

"You know, they said I was crazy for thinking you were still alive." stated Aldrin as she walked out of the darkness, startling Trent. He certainly wasn't prepared to have anyone in his quarters at that moment, let alone his first officer.

"So this is filing a report now is it?" Jokingly asked Trent.

"Actually it is." replied Aldrin as she handed him a PADD. "Our current status and our estimated departure time tomorrow. I thought I would drop these by your quarters when you stopped by here."

"Just as thoughtful as always, eh?"

"Probably a bit more now I've had some time to myself." she turned around and walked to the door.

"Wait! Don't go!" exclaimed Trent, causing Aldrin to turn around in interest.

"Yes sir?"

"Look...I...ugh how do I say this without it seeming inappropriate? I just want to tell you before we end up on another tour of service together that...I'm in love with you."

"Really?"

"Yes. Now I know that it's inappropriate for a Captain to have a relationship with one of his subordinates, but honestly, I haven't been able to get you out of my head for years. I hope you understand what I've said so that we can work together now without any issues between us."

"Well let me tell you something Darius. I'm also in love with you, and I've wanted for so long to be with you. But I'm not sure what to do. On one hand, I've got my head telling me to follow through and kiss you right now. But on the other hand, I've got my Starfleet training screaming at me to avoid something with you. So I don't know what to say, what to do."

"Ok, let me say this now. Imperial torture is awful alright. I don't care what I told the Admirals or you guys over subspace, but it is really bad. There were points where I didn't think I could even live to see another day once they were through with me. And at points, I came close to saying things about the Federation which I didn't want to say. But I'll say this now; you were the thing that kept me going. No matter what truth device they probed me

with, no matter how much torture I went through, I persisted with the knowledge that I would be able to see you again. I never expected to be with you, but trust me I-”

Trent was cut off as Aldrin pulled him in for a kiss. Their lips were only locked for several moments, but to Trent, it felt like years. When they finally separated, an intense feeling of lust and surprise flowed through his veins as he tried to hold himself back from doing what he wanted to do. But then he studied her face, saw how she gazed into his eyes with intent, and realised that he didn’t have to be the distant, friendly captain that he was used to being for the first time in years.

And so he brought her in for another kiss, this time slower and longer, as they wrapped their arms around each other longingly. The door chimed in the background, but Trent pushed them both up against it as he set the status outside to do not disturb. They continued kissing as they fell to the floor, rolling around in ecstasy and pleasure.

In his own quarters aboard the Enterprise, Admiral Picard wrapped up a subspace video conversation with Vash. She had offered him an opportunity to study the remains of a long-lost Vulcan colony on the edge of Federation space. Unfortunately, it would take him 2 months to get there at maximum warp, and even though he could easily take a shuttlecraft modified to go to hyperspace, he had to fight in a war. He very sadly informed her that he couldn’t join her this time, before ending their conversation.

“Oh how sad, mon amiral.” remarked Q as he flashed into existence behind Picard, lying back on his couch. “You just had to deny spending some time with one of your favourite mortals.”

“Get out Q!” Yelled Picard as he turned back in disgust.

“Oh I only dropped by to offer my congratulations,” replied Q, “on not only succeeding with the Dominion but also rescuing the Rebellion. You don’t know how useful they’ll be to your cause.”

“Is that all you have to say?” Asked Picard.

“Well, that and it’s not over yet. But of course you knew that. Is that a rant I see building up inside you?”

Picard couldn’t help but sigh as he realised how angry he was starting to look at Q. Despite being a nuisance to everything and anyone who was near him, Q had helped him out countless times in the past. It would be rude to turn him down when he was actually congratulating him.

“I’m sorry, it’s just that these last few months have been very hard for me.” answered Picard. “They’ve been hard on all of us.”

“I can understand where you’re coming from. Do you know how many people I’ve had to visit in the past few months because of your war? Galactic Emperors, star crossed lovers, the

lot. Honestly, it's very tiring being omnipotent sometimes."

"Well, at least someone understands me."

Q smiled briefly, before his head twitched as he suddenly received some sort of communique.

"But that's impossible. Unless..." he muttered to himself, as Picard noticed.

"What's impossible?"

"Nothing that concerns you. Now if you'll excuse me, I have urgent business to attend to. Bonne soiree, mon admiral!"

Q once again flashed out existence, leaving Picard once again alone in his quarters.

Captain's personal log, Stardate 58242.23. Today, I begin a new chapter of my life; command of the USS Sovereign. While she feels smaller than the Arizona, I know that she is many times more powerful than her. I only regret that my father isn't here to see me take my second command. Nevertheless, I know I will not be alone in this journey, with my old crew and friends by my side. They have served with me proudly for over 5 years, and I know that they'll be glad to serve more with me.

"To Commander Miral Aldrin, First Officer, USS Sovereign. Stardate 58242.23. You are hereby requested and required to relinquish command of your vessel to Captain Darius Trent, Commanding Officer, USS Arizona as of this date. Signed, Admiral Jean-Luc Picard."

"Computer, transfer all command codes to Captain Darius Trent. Voice authorization: Aldrin-47-Charlie-Theta."

"Transfer complete. USS Sovereign now under command of Captain Darius Trent."

Everyone on the bridge erupted into applause as the official ceremony finished. Trent smiled as he accepted their applause, gracious at being given another chance at command.

"Alright, ceremony's over, let's get underway now shall we?" he stated.

"Aye sir." replied the room as everyone returned to their positions on the bridge. Trent sat down in his new command chair, relaxing back as he gave himself a view over the bridge.

"So, a new chapter, eh?" asked Aldrin.

"Why, you read my personal logs now, do you?"

"Well, I need to know what's going in the mind of my one and only now, don't I?"

She felt his smooth chin for a moment as they both grinned at each other.

“So, how was last night?” Snarky remarked Hawk. “Get much sleep?”

“Very funny Lieutenant.” Replied Trent. “And how’s things yourself? Enjoying your time with Horan?”

Hawk blushed as she realised she and Horan had been exposed. Looking back at him, he just gave her the same look as she did as he shrugged his shoulders.

“How the hell did you know sir?”

“Do you really think there aren’t any security cameras in the turbolifts? I was checking out my new ready room today when I saw the option on my monitor. I think I’m rather going to enjoy exploring this ship more.”

“Uugh.” Hawk groaned as she turned back around to face her console. Trent let off a snicker at her expense, causing her to withdraw further in studying her console.

“Sir, we’re being hailed by Admiral Picard.” Announced Th’etonnor.

“Onscreen.” Admiral Picard flashed up on the viewscreen, in full uniform.

“Captain Trent, I am ordering you on a patrol of the Maxia, Sierra and Muratas sectors. Keep an eye out for Imperial attack groups coming your way, and notify all ships in the vicinity when you detect any Imperial ships on a course to any Federation world. You must also respond to any call to assistance within a 20 light year radius of you.”

“Aye sir.” replied Trent.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I also took the liberty of equipping your ship with 50 phased plasma torpedoes. These ones are much more stable than the original versions fitted on this ship, and do not have any leakage effects.”

“Thank you Admiral. We’ll use them when we have to.”

“Godspeed Captain. Picard out.”

“Sir, Deep Space 9 is signalling us the all clear to depart.”

“Well what are you waiting for? Initiate power up sequence, and plot a course along our patrol route.”

The Sovereign unclamped from Deep Space 9, as it’s thrusters slowly pushed the ship away from the bulk of the massive station. The ship’s running lights flicked on as the warp nacelles and impulse engines flared into existence. And with a final activation of it’s main registry and name running lights, the Sovereign sailed away from Deep Space 9 at ¼ impulse.

“Course plotted sir.” reported Hawk. “Ready to engage at warp 8 on your command.”

“Hit it.”

Outside, the fresh looking Sovereign drifted as it built up to warp. It's crew knew that no matter what challenge ahead of them, they were ready to tackle it head on, even if it meant that they lost their lives. No longer would they let the Empire push them around any longer; today was the day they began to fight back.

The ship began to stretch into the distant stars, the warp bubble now complete as it allowed the ship to accelerate to faster than light speeds. And with a flash and a bang, the Sovereign disappeared into the distance, now travelling too fast to be seen by the naked eye. And the space around the Denerios belt was now as it was before.

Epilogue

Epilogue

In the depths of space, in a universe completely separate to that of both the Federation and Empire, an orphan planet drifted aimlessly as it lay there untouched for millenia. Long since cast out of it's home solar system by the gravitational pull of it's own star, the planet was now condemned to forever wander through the vastness of the universe, until it entered another system or came upon some other force. For now though, it continued to drift alone, covered in frozen water and other various liquids and metals.

At a point on it's surface, a blue box labeled 'Police Public Call Box' wheezed into existence out of thin air. The small lamp on the top flashed in perfect sync with the wheezes until the box solidified, and with a final thump announced it's presence on the planet.

The doors opened inwards to reveal a woman, clad in a grey coat and various other seemingly random pieces of clothing.

"Looks like the right place." she stated as she looked around. She stepped outside

"Are you sure this is the right place Doctor?" asked another woman as she came up behind her. "The last time you said that we ended up in the middle of a Sontaran invasion force."

"Oh trust me Yaz," Replied the Doctor, "this is the place."

"So hang on a second." asked Graham. "If we're on an orphan planet with no atmosphere, then how can we breathe?"

"The TARDIS is projecting a self-regenerating breathable atmosphere around itself. You should be fine so long as you don't walk too far away."

"Doc, are you sure he's coming?" asked Ryan. "You did say that he can be a bit unreliable sometimes."

"Trust me, he'll come after what we did to him. And how did you hear me say that?"

"He heard you say that because you don't know how loud you are when you mutter under your breath." Answered Q as he flashed into existence in front of them. "And next time, don't send me a message directly through my brain. It hurts."

"Well, we needed it to hurt given that I needed to talk to you immediately." replied the Doctor.

"Is that your new form? What happened to Mr 'I love fezzes'?"

"That doesn't matter right now. What does matter is why the hell would you bring two universes together like that?"

“What are you talking about? I didn’t do that.”

“Don’t lie to me, you know you did it and you can’t hide it forever.”

“I swear on my immortal heart I did not bring my universe and their universe together.”

“I’m sorry, but are you Q from Star Trek?” Asked Graham.

“Why yes, little mortal. It is I; Q the Magnificent.”

“Q the Liar. Q the Misanthrope.” Came back the Doctor. “Well then, if you didn’t do it, then who did?”

“I don’t know. One minute I was scouring the Galaxy, bored as per usual, the next an anomaly opens up leading to a completely separate universe.”

“Well, why haven’t you managed to cut it off yet? As the Omni-factor representative of your universe, you should have dealt with it by now.”

“I’ll tell you something ok? I’ve tried to shut down that anomaly ever since it was opened. But I haven’t been able to. And when I ask the Whills to help me, they decline, stating that they want to ‘see where this story goes’. By the way, who put them in charge of their universe?”

“I did. Well, not me specifically, but I think 5 knew what he was doing when he put them in charge.”

“Well, in any case, I haven’t been able to reason with them. They’ve got their heads wrapped around their special ‘stories and arcs’ to the point where they even ignored me.”

“I can tell why.” Remarked Ryan.

“Boy, you do not want to insult me. I could turn you into an amoeba with a snap of my fingers and there’d be nothing your precious Doctor could do about it.”

“Enough Q!” interrupted the Doctor. “Do you have the situation under control right now.”

“I’ve been influencing people on both sides in a bid to close the anomaly yes.” answered Q. “But the thing is, at the moment the Empire is in control of the anomaly, and they neither have the brains nor the technology to close it.”

“So? Why hasn’t Starfleet or someone else from your universe been able to shut it down.”

“Well, Starfleet’s been it’s usual self-righteous self, and everyone else is a bit preoccupied at the moment. Y’know, with the invasion.”

“I want regular progress updates on this war Q.” demanded the Doctor. “If it goes on too long, the entire multiverse is at risk.”

“Don’t remind me. I can have this all wrapped up in no time if I can influence things just right.”

“You better.”

“Very well then. Is there anything else you need from me?”

“No really. You’re free to go for now. But if I see the multiverse collapsing I’ll be coming for you. You’ve been warned.”

“Alright, alright I’ll take care of it. Jeez, when did you get so dark?”

Q flashed out of existence in the blink of an eye, leaving the Doctor and the others alone on the planet.

“Well then, where to next?”

“How about taking us back to Earth for New Years like you promised?” proposed Yaz.

“Love that! Everyone back in!”

The gang went back into the TARDIS, shutting the doors behind them. Then, with another series of flashes and wheezes, the TARDIS vanished from existence, once again wandering the space-time continuum. And the orphan planet was once more empty and alone, wandering through the vastness of space for forevermore.

Alert: unidentified subspace anomaly detected in sector 94256

Searching for ships closest to anomaly

Ship found: Cube 72347-15. ETA: 2 minutes at Transwarp speed

Cube 72347-15 ordered to investigate subspace anomaly in sector 94256

Alert: subspace anomaly has disappeared. Cube 72347 ordered to scan space where anomaly was

Alert: unidentified ship detected. Estimated length: 19,000 metres. Configuration similar to that found in data files of the recently captured probe

Cube 72347-15 ordered to assimilate unknown vessel. Assimilation priority 9.01

Cube 72347-15 now dropping out of Transwarp.

Initiating standard hail

“We are the Borg. Lower your shields and surrender your ship. We will add your biological and technological distinctiveness to our own. Your culture will adapt to service us. Resistance

is futile.”

Incoming response from unidentified vessel

“This is Commander Helios Maxus of the SSD Arbitrator. How dare you attempt to force the surrender of an Imperial vessel. Surrender to the might of the Galactic Empire at once or face the consequences.”

Identification complete: SSD Arbitrator, commanded by Commander Helios Maxus of the Galactic Empire.

Cataloguing new faction

Assimilation priority of Galactic Empire: 9.05

Scanning SSD Arbitrator

Tactical scan complete: 4,000 primitive projectile-based plasma weapons, complement of 885 primitive fighter units.

Bioscan complete: 279,444 members of species 5618. Alternative name: Humans

Energy scan complete: varying quantum signature to current universe. Most possible reason: SSD Arbitrator and crew are from a different universe. Universe is likely to not have heard of the Borg.

Resetting assimilation priority. Assimilation priority of Galactic Empire now 9.55

Alert: SSD Arbitrator firing salvo of plasma bolts

32% of projectiles on target to Cube 72347-15

Incoming projectiles

Damage report: damage to outer hull, transporters and maturation chambers

Adapting shields to compensate

Alert: SSD Arbitrator firing salvo of plasma bolts

56% of projectiles on target to Cube 72347-15

Incoming projectiles

No damage inflicted. Locking tractor beam

Activating tractor beam

Tractor beam coming against shields. Enemy shields at 95%, 90%, 85%

Alert: potential weakness detected. Scans reveal little shield coverage around two spheres at the top of rear module

Firing cutting beam

Starboard sphere destroyed. SSD Arbitrator shields at 40%

Port sphere destroyed. SSD Arbitrator shields at 0%

Tractor beam has established contact. Taking sample from hull

Hull sample complete. Scans show signs of unknown metallic alloys and heavy armour.

Estimated boarding parties required to assimilate SSD Arbitrator: 80 groups of 10 drones, in waves of 20 each.

Locating optimal boarding areas

Optimal Boarding areas found: Main Engineering, Main Bridge, Hangar bay, Troop barracks. Allocating 5 groups to each boarding area.

Initializing first wave

First wave of boarding parties beamed aboard encountering heavy resistance, 42% losses.

Analysis of enemy hand weapons complete: primitive projectile based plasma bolts.

Adapting drone shielding

Initializing second wave

Second wave and remainder of the first wave report little casualties, 0.2% losses.

Assimilated 10,000 personnel

Established control of Main Bridge. All bridge personnel now assimilated.

Assigning designations

Cataloguing knowledge

Knowledge of Commander Helios Maxus catalogued. New designation: Borg Drone 6 Of 10, Secondary Adjunct Of Unimatrix 0

25% of SSD Arbitrator now assimilated. Estimated time until crew assimilation complete: 3 Hours

SSD Arbitrator under full control of Cube 72347-15. Cube 72347-15 to hold position until crew of SSD Arbitrator is fully assimilated

New designation for SSD Arbitrator: GES(Galactic Empire Starship) 01

Established control Main Engineering. All engineering personnel now assimilated

Assigning designations

Cataloguing knowledge

Alert: new Faster-than-light technology found. Identification: Hyperdrive. Estimated FTL speed: Transwarp x 30.

Beginning production of hyperdrive units at Unimatrix 1

Resistance is futile

“Is it ready?” asked Emperor Palpatine as he stood impatiently in the control room. He had waited so long for this to happen, and he wasn’t going to let a few seconds get in the way.

“We’re ready to begin the power up sequence if that’s what you mean my liege.” an officer answered as he sat back down at his console.

Palpatine smiled as he knew what they were about to do. This project had been in the works for months, and now finally it was complete. And with the help of Captain Trent, the project had been completed much faster. All his plans for the Federation would finally come into being once he had achieved this.

He remembered how naive Trent was when he thought he could sabotage the project. There had been error-checkers and simulators running through everything that Trent had been doing and all of them had managed to correct all the issues with his pattern. Even more naively, he thought he could set the transporters on the Arizona to overload once the pattern had been imputed in. But these were not the Arizona’s transporters. These had been appropriated from a Romulan colony world, and multiple simulations had confirmed that there would be no issue with the technology. All it needed was an appropriate power source.

“Fire up the magnetic conductors.” ordered Admiral Kritus. At once, a massive copper coil on the top of the station was revealed, and it began spinning at a rapid rate, drawing power from the magnetic field of the massive gas giant.

“Power levels at 23% and rising.” reported the officer. “Initializing pattern.”

At once, in the chamber in front of them, a body began to materialize in a shower of green particles. Although it hasn’t materialized fully, the outline of a large man was beginning to take shape.

“Power levels are at 57%.”

“My liege, are you sure this is necessary?” asked Admiral Kritus. “We could just as easily have made a clone.”

“My dear Admiral, the clone would have taken years to develop and mature. This only takes moments.”

“Admiral, power levels are slowing down!” called out an officer. “We’re stuck at 64%.”

“If it takes too long to initialise the pattern, it’ll corrupt and we’ll lose him!”

“Not if I have anything to do with it.” Palpatine walked through the doors separating the control room from the transporter, sealing it shut, before unleashing his true power.

At once, Palpatine unleashed force lightning upon the transporter pad. The power levels suddenly spiked as the conduits were filled with energy.

“Power levels at 90%...98%...”

Before the officer could finish the sentence, the levels reached 100%, and a massive burst of pure energy filled the transporter chamber. For a moment, the light levels blinded everyone in the control room as they all ducked down, saving themselves from the window shattering inwards and flooding the room with glass shards.

When the dust began to settle, Palpatine stood solidly but shakily where he was, wheezing as he recovered from the amount of energy he had just pumped into the transporter in order to get it working. In the control room, people began to get up from their crouched positions, as the smoke began to clear.

“I see you used a matter-energy transporter instead of the cloning system I set up to revive me.” stated a cold, calculated voice through the smoke. The transporter chamber was still filled with the black gas, but was slowly beginning to clear out like the control room. “An interesting method of achieving this task. It has allowed for my return to be achieved much more efficiently than otherwise.

“It can’t be...” muttered Kristus as she recognised the voice.

“Forgive me for not introducing myself. I am Grand Admiral Thrawn of the Galactic Empire. How may I be of service to you?”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!